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Charles Burns's brilliant "El Borbah"
Plus a thrill a minute with Pepe Moreno's "Rebel"
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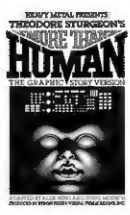

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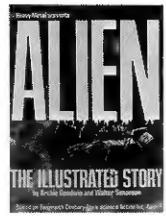

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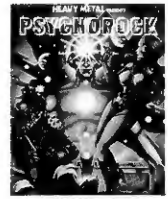

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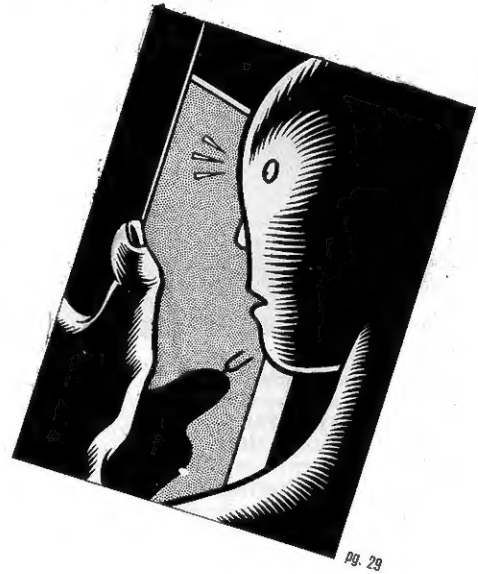

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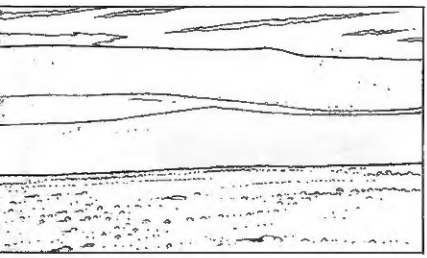

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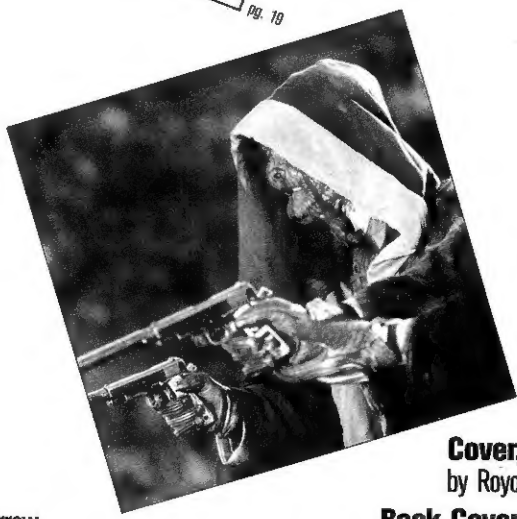

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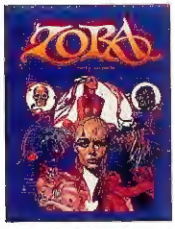

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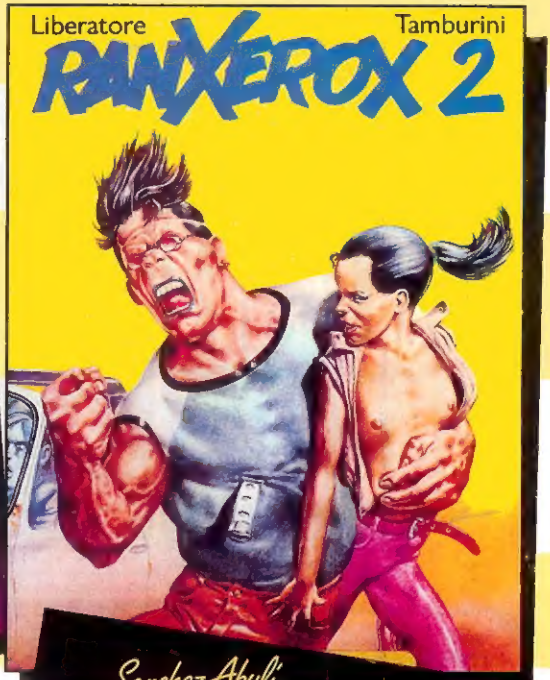

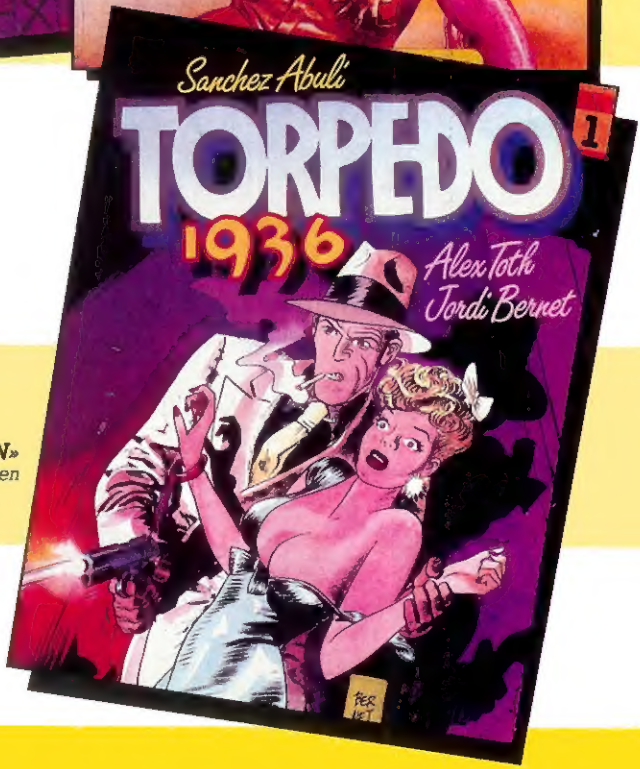

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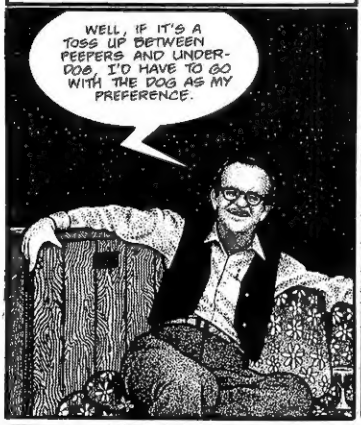
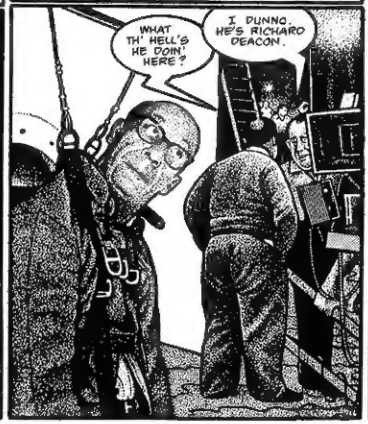
KNOWN AS A MAN OF FEW WORDS, WALLY COX POURED OUT HIS SOUL SHORTLY BEFORE HIS UNTIMELY DEATH.



EVEN THOUGH THE JOBS WERE **NO MORE** FOR RICHARD DEACON, HE CONTINUED TO HANG AROUND THE STUDIOS ANYWAY.



EDGAR BUCHANAN WAS DISGRUNTLED OVER THE COURSE FILMMAKING TOOK IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.

WACKY HEE HAW STAR JUNIOR SAMPLES WOULD ROUND UP THE NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN FOR BIRTHDAY PARTIES ON ANY GIVEN DAY.

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END

The Hunting Party

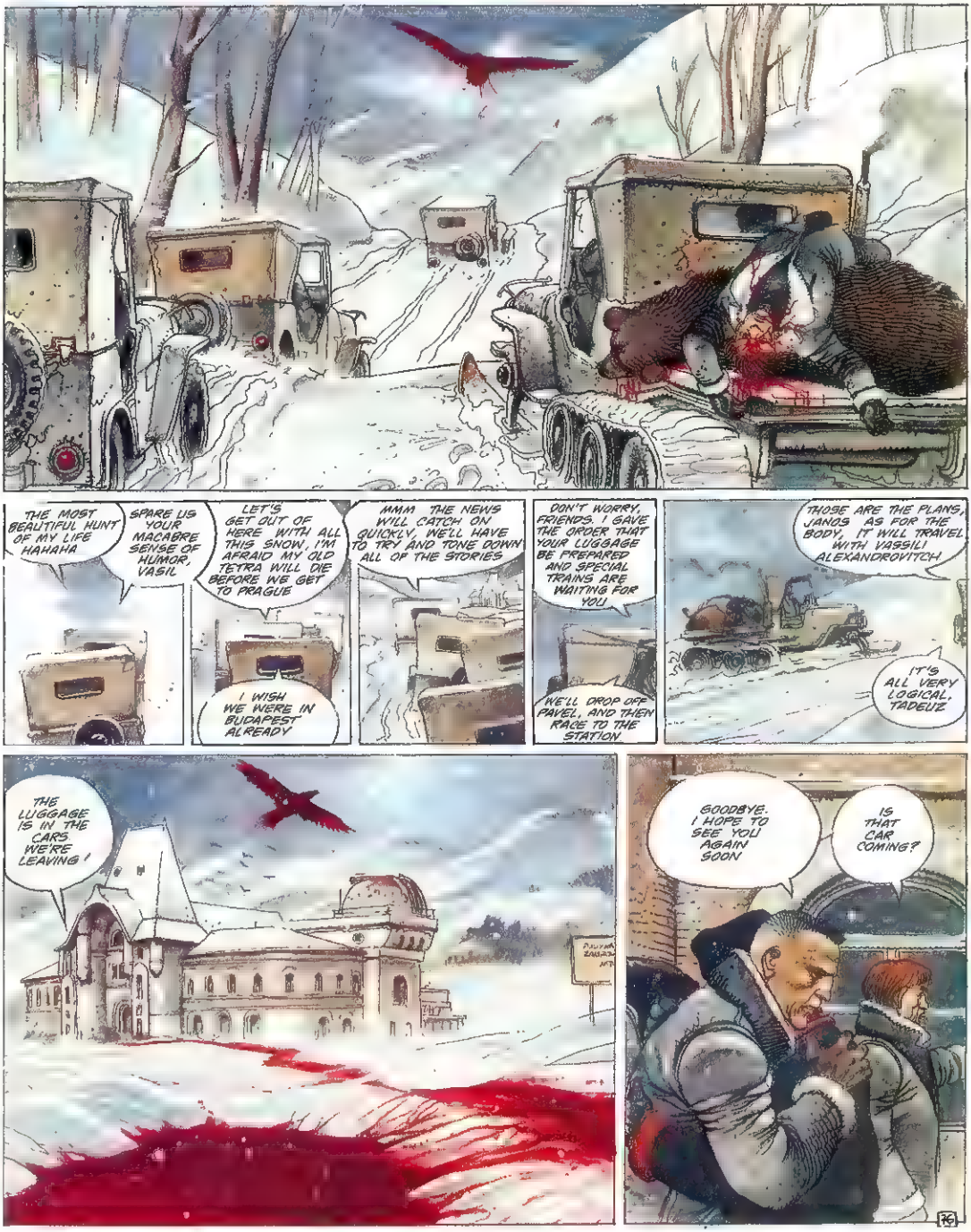
christin·bilal

LAST WE READ, SERGUEI CHAVANIDZE WAS SHOT DURING THE GREAT HUNTING EXPEDITION. WHETHER IT WAS AN ACCIDENT OR NOT IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE

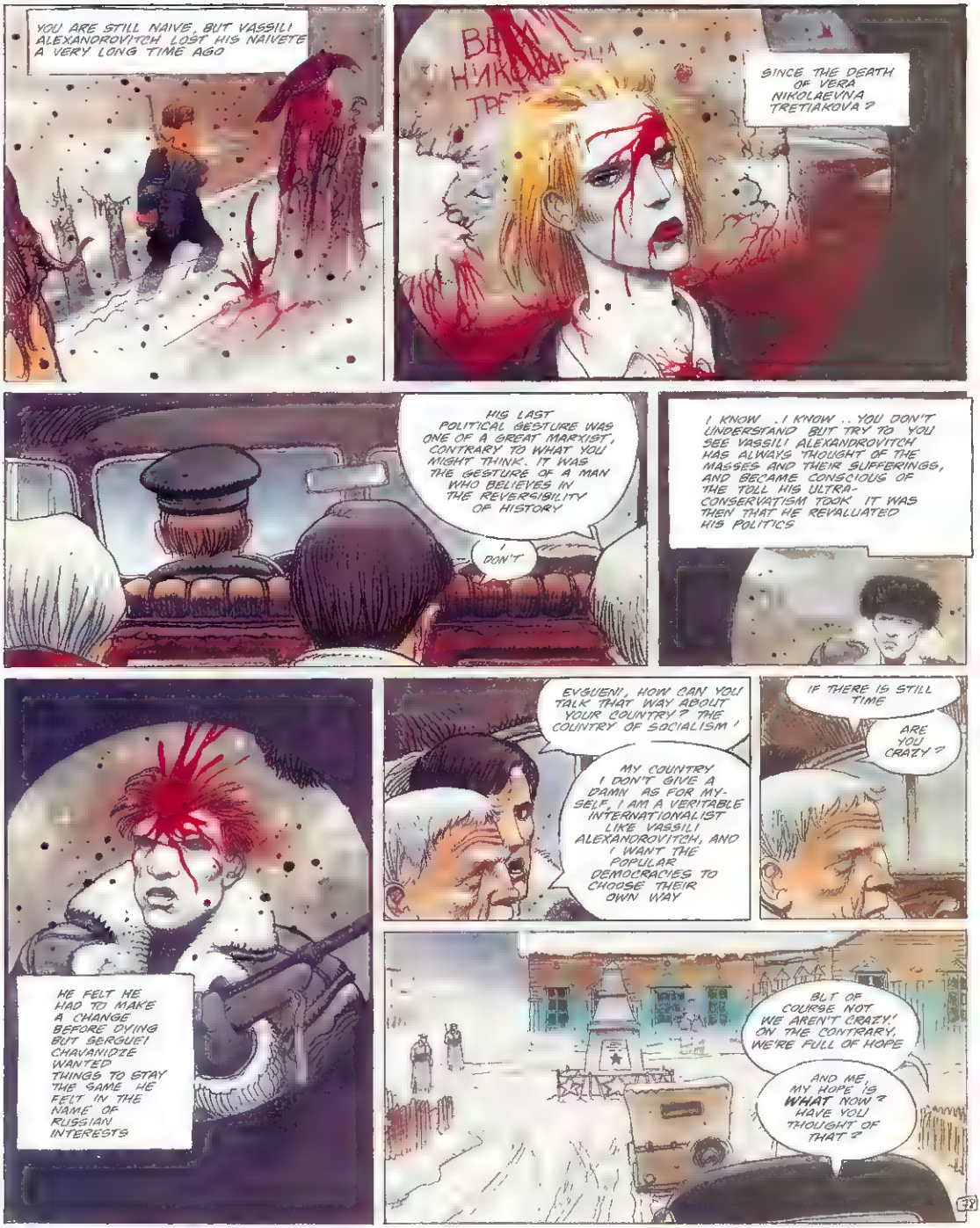
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, GUNTHER. AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT
AN ACCIDENT? YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH OF ANTI-PARTY TRAITORS! THIS IS A POLITICAL ASSASSINATION. AND YOU KNOW THAT PERFECTLY WELL
HEY, CALM DOWN, MISTER KNOW-IT-ALL! YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE IT SEEMS TO BE THAT SERGUEI CHAVANIDZE DIDN'T FOLLOW VASSIL ALEXANDROVITCH'S INSTRUCTIONS
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, VASIL!
EVERYTHING WAS PLOTTED! YOU GAVE HIM A BAD POSITION AT THE HUNT, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO MOVE DOWN AND THEN, OF COURSE, YOU MANIPULATED THIS YOUNG CRETIN FROM FRANCE TO ..
ME? BUT I ASSURE YOU..
I WILL DENOUNCE YOU ALL DON'T COUNT ON MY FORMER FRIENDSHIP TO COVER UP THIS MESS.
DON'T COUNT ON OURS EITHER, GUNTHER!
THAT'S RIGHT!

TWO HUNTING ACCIDENTS, BACK TO BACK! THAT HAPPENS QUITE FREQUENTLY
YES, VERY FREQUENTLY
GOOD GOD! WE FORGOT ABOUT HIM!
A SUPERB BEAST! WHO SHOT HIM?
VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIM! WHAT A GREAT SHOT!
HORRIBLE! IT WAS THE BLOOD OF A MAN THAT MADE HIM COME DOWN!
NOW LET'S NOT GET SENTIMENTAL, JANOS
74

NOW, LET'S GET THE STORY STRAIGHT THE POLICE WILL BE HERE SHORTLY YOU ALL KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO?
ME? NO, I DON'T KNOW, AND I REFUSE TO KNOW I'M WARNING YOU, ALEXANDROVITCH!
ME, NEITHER I... I DON'T KNOW
YOU'RE NOT WITHOUT BLAME IN ALL OF THIS WE WILL EXPLAIN TO THEM
BUT, GUNTHER?
GUNTHER WON'T SAY ANYTHING, AND NEITHER WILL THE POLICE VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH'S ORDERS HAVE THE STRENGTH OF LAW AROUND HERE
YOU SEE, HE KNOWS TOO MANY THINGS ABOUT THEM
GOOD. LET'S GO LET'S CARRY THE BODY AND DON'T FORGET THE BEAR OF COURSE
BONNE NUIT


THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HUNT OF MY LIFE HAHAHA
SPARE US YOUR MACABRE SENSE OF HUMOR, VASIL
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE WITH ALL THIS SNOW, I'M AFRAID MY OLD TETRA WILL DIE BEFORE WE GET TO PRAGUE
I WISH WE WERE IN BUDAPEST ALREADY
MMM THE NEWS WILL CATCH ON QUICKLY, WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AND TONE DOWN ALL OF THE STORIES
DON'T WORRY, FRIENDS, I GAVE THE ORDER THAT YOUR LUGGAGE BE PREPARED AND SPECIAL TRAINS ARE WAITING FOR YOU
WE'LL DROP OFF PAVEL, AND THEN RACE TO THE STATION
THOSE ARE THE PLANS, JANOS AS FOR THE BODY, IT WILL TRAVEL WITH VASSIL! ALEXANDROVITCH
IT'S ALL VERY LOGICAL, TADEUZ
THE LUGGAGE IS IN THE CARS WE'RE LEAVING!
GOODBYE. I HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN SOON
IS THAT CAR COMING?

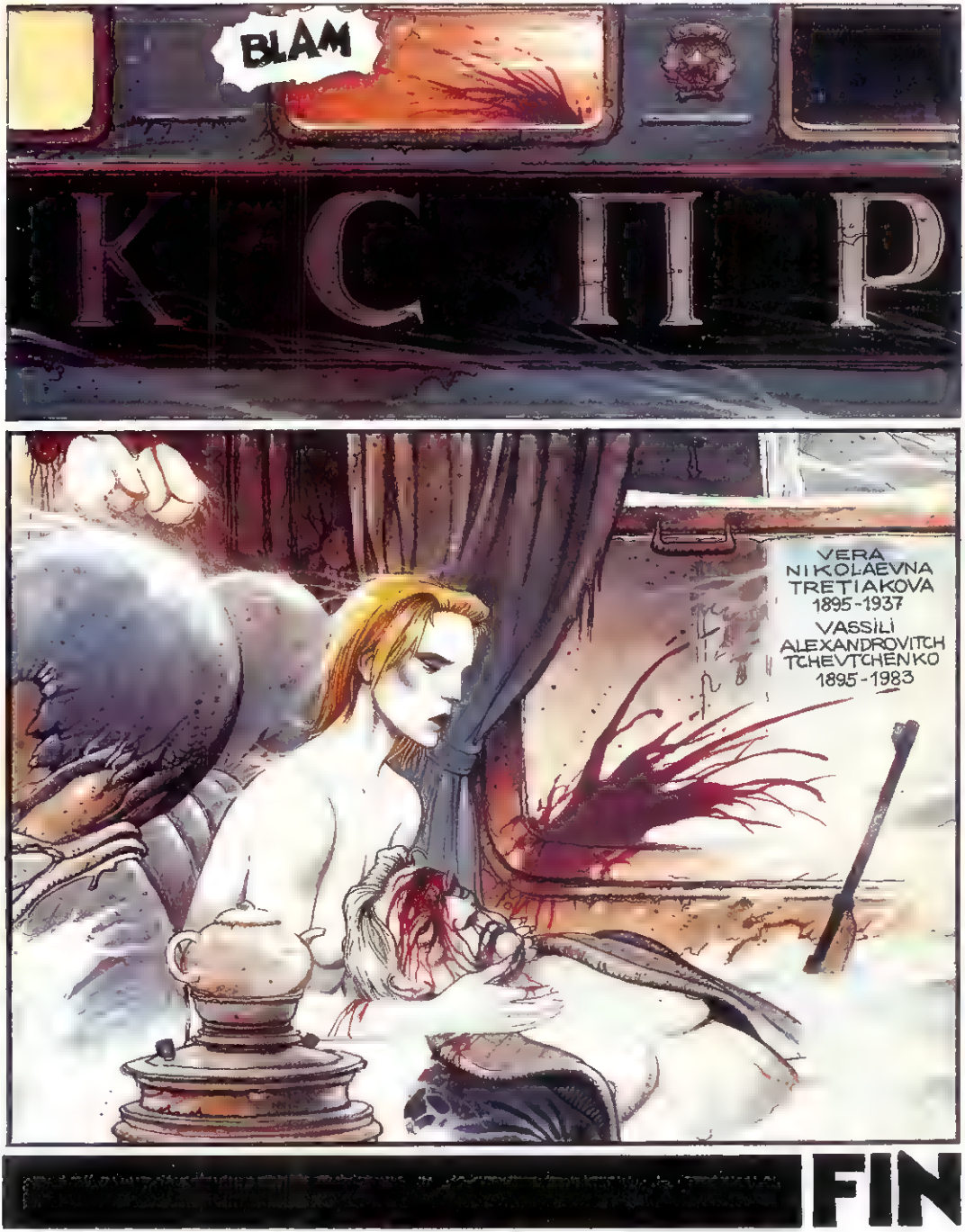
GOODBYE, COMRADES!
GOODBYE, PAVEL!
BE CAREFUL!
COME WITH US, GUNTHER YOU'RE GOING TO DIE FROM THE COLD
NO, I'M LEAVING WITH HIM
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, EVGENI! IS IT TRUE THAT YOU MANIPULATED ME? THAT YOU MADE ME COME TO
BAH
WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? TO HIM? ASSASSINATION IS A FASCIST METHOD COMMUNISM HAS THE WHOLE FUTURE BEFORE IT! WHY RESORT TO VILE STRATEGIES LIKE THIS FAKE HUNT?
COME NOW
MAKE AN EFFORT, COMRADE ALL THE MEN THAT YOU MET DON'T ONLY REPRESENT THEMSELVES ...
EXACTLY! HISTORY IS NOT MADE BY INDIVIDUALS, IT'S THE MASSES THAT COUNT!
THE MASSES! MAKE ME LAUGH! IF VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH AND THOSE OLD MILITANTS HANGING AROUND HIM THOUGHT IT WAS WISE TO PUT AN END TO THE ACTIVITIES OF CHAVANIDZE, IT WAS BECAUSE THE MASSES WERE INCAPABLE OF IT
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!


YOU ARE STILL NAIVE, BUT VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH LOST HIS NAIVETE A VERY LONG TIME AGO
SINCE THE DEATH OF VERA NIKOLAEVNA TRETIAKOVA ?
HIS LAST POLITICAL GESTURE WAS ONE OF A GREAT MARXIST, CONTRARY TO WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK. IT WAS THE GESTURE OF A MAN WHO BELIEVES IN THE REVERSIBILITY OF HISTORY
I DON'T
I KNOW ..I KNOW .. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND BUT TRY TO YOU SEE VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH HAS ALWAYS THOUGHT OF THE MASSES AND THEIR SUFFERINGS, AND BECAME CONSCIOUS OF THE TOLL HIS ULTRA-CONSERVATISM TOOK IT WAS THEN THAT HE REVALUATED HIS POLITICS
HE FELT HE HAD TO MAKE A CHANGE BEFORE DYING BUT SERGUEI CHAVANIDZE WANTED THINGS TO STAY THE SAME HE FELT IN THE NAME OF RUSSIAN INTERESTS
EVGUENI, HOW CAN YOU TALK THAT WAY ABOUT YOUR COUNTRY ? THE COUNTRY OF SOCIALISM !
MY COUNTRY I DON'T GIVE A DAMN AS FOR MYSELF, I AM A VERITABLE INTERNATIONALIST LIKE VASSILI ALEXANDROVITCH, AND I WANT THE POPULAR DEMOCRACIES TO CHOOSE THEIR OWN WAY
IF THERE IS STILL TIME
ARE YOU CRAZY ?
BUT OF COURSE NOT WE AREN'T CRAZY! ON THE CONTRARY, WE'RE FULL OF HOPE
AND ME, MY HOPE IS **WHAT** NOW ? HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF THAT ?

AHEM YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY IN MOSCOW A LITTLE LONGER UNTIL THIS WHOLE THING BOILS OVER
AND YOU WILL HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH THIS BLOODY SECRET LIKE SO MANY OF US
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT SINCE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED WE HAVE TAKEN ALL THE NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS
EVERYTHING IS WORKING OUT PERFECTLY WELL, COMRADES ! I HAVE ALREADY TELEPHONED MY FRIENDS AT VARSOVIE TO INFORM THEM OF THE ACCIDENT. THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY DISTRESSED OF COURSE
AND ANYWAY, WE ALL KNOW WHO WILL TAKE CHAVANIDZE'S PLACE AT THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE DON'T WE ? ALL MY BEST WISHES
THE UNFORTUNATE CHAVANIDZE PARENTHESIS IS CLOSED BON VOYAGE TO THE LIVING
AND THE DEAD

GOODBYE, VASSIL! ALEXANDROVITCH
TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH, LITTLE BROTHER
WE WILL WATCH EYER OURS
AND THAT FRENCH-MAN, THERE?
EXPELLED! HE HASN'T UNDERSTOOD A THING, NOR HAS THE LOCAL POLICE
I DON'T KNOW IF WE WILL SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN, VASSIL! ALEXANDROVITCH, BUT I THANK YOU FOR HAVING GIVEN ME ONCE AGAIN THE CHANCE TO SAVE SOCIALISM
YES, THANK YOU FOR THIS THIRD AND LAST LIFE
GOOD, LET'S GO THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME IN MOSCOW
KROL
ГБД
FIAL

VODKA ?
YES
AND HIM, WHAT CAN HE BE THINKING OF NOW ?
TASHKENT
I DON'T KNOW
NOW, LET ME GET BACK TO WORK. I'M GLAD I COULD TELL YOU THE STORY BEHIND ALL OF THIS
ME TOO, EVGUENI, ME TOO


BLAM
КСПР
VERA
NIKOLAEVNA
TRETIAKOVA
1895-1937
VASSILI
ALEXANDROVITCH
TCHEVTCHENKO
1895-1983
FIN

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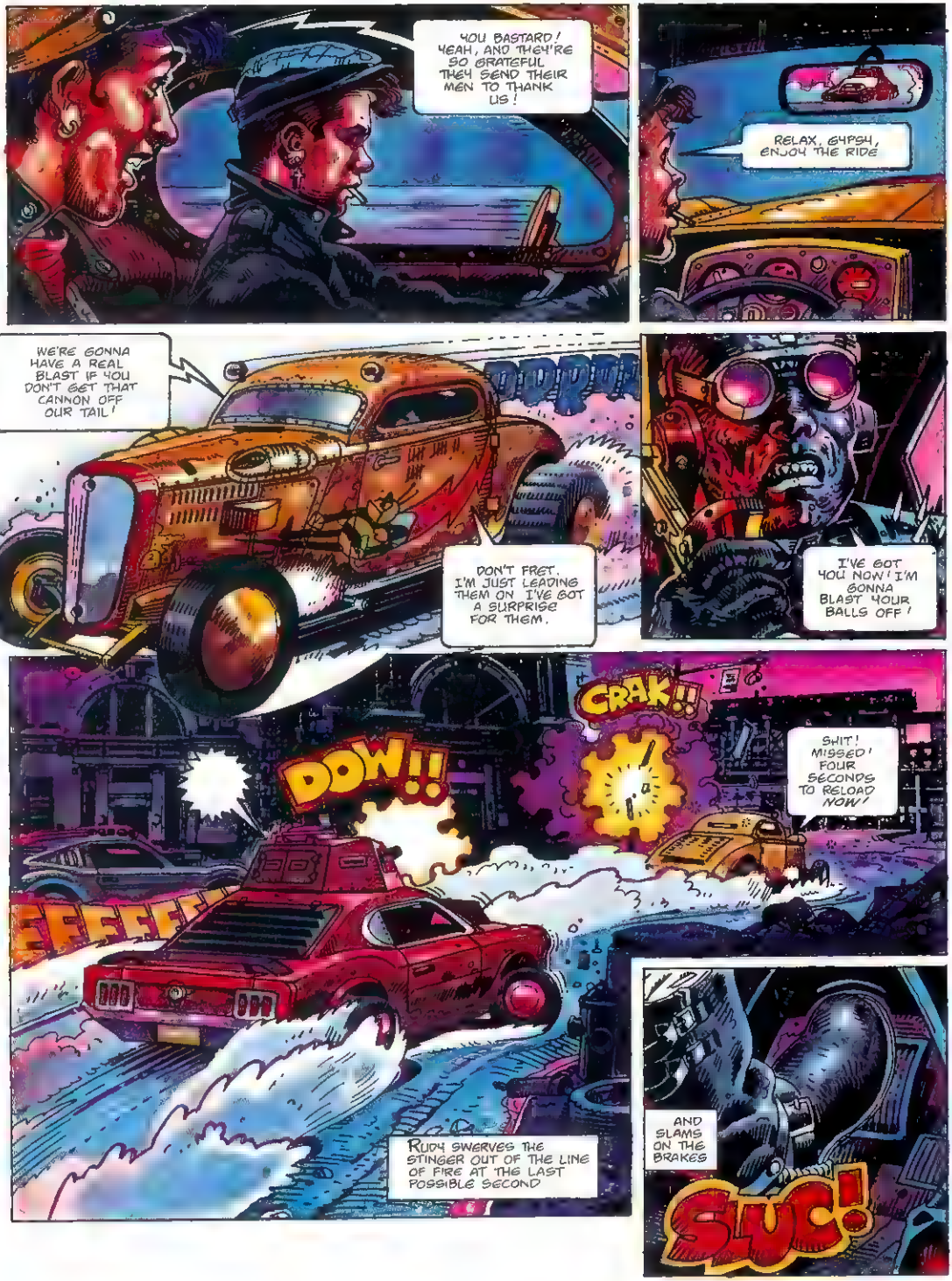
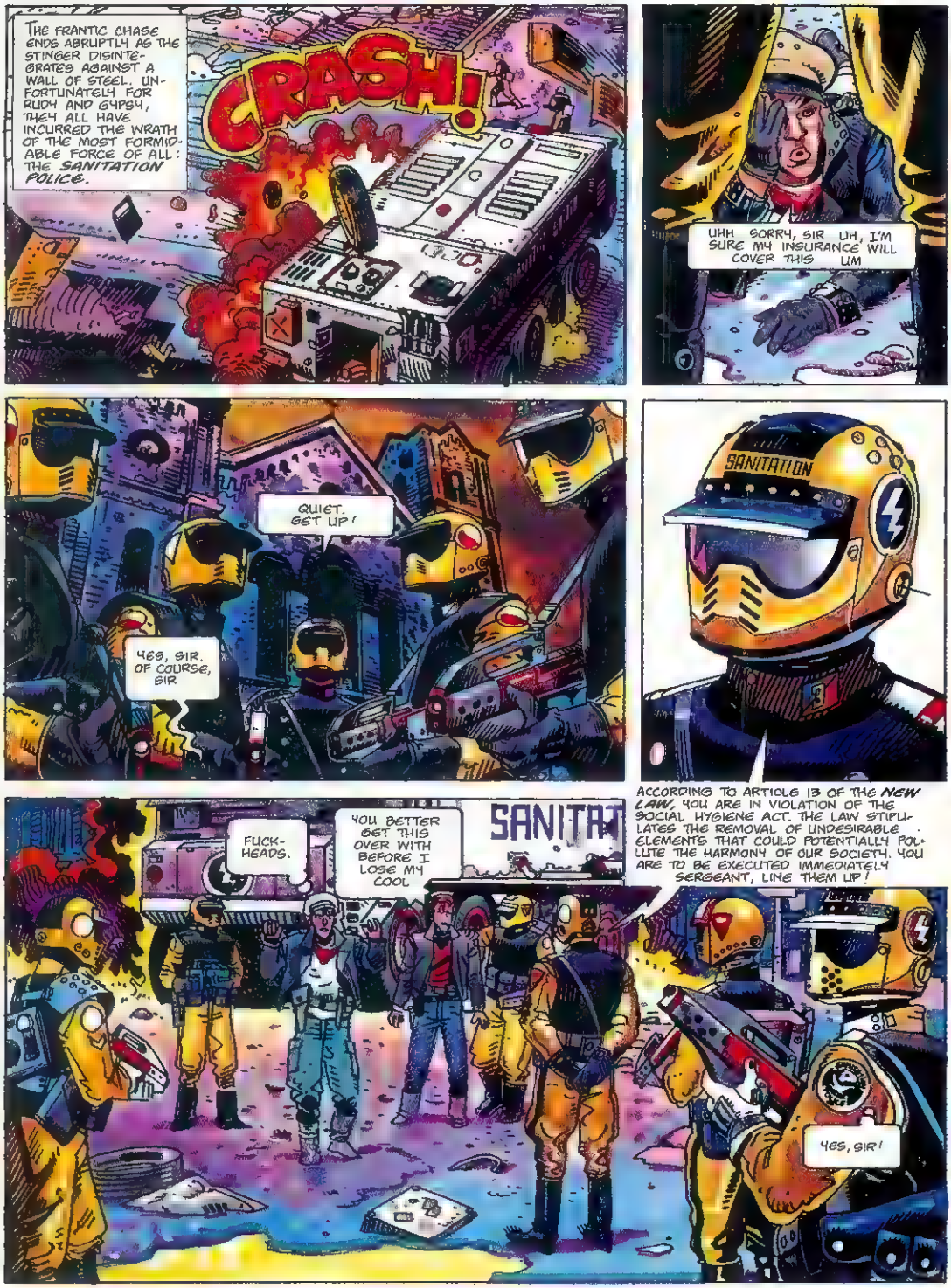
EAST NEW YORK. NO MAN'S LAND. 5 O'CLOCK--A.M ANOTHER SMALL INCIDENT IN THE ONGOING TURF WARS. THE YEAR IS 2002 AND SOCIETY AS WE KNOW IT HAS LONG DISAPPEARED. THE CITY IS AN ILLEGAL ZONE WHERE ONLY THOSE STRONG ENOUGH, OR CRAZY ENOUGH REMAIN. HIS RUTHLESS JUNGLE WHERE THE PRICE OF THE SMALLEST TERRITORIAL INFRACTION COULD BE YOUR LIFE
THAT WAS SOME GREAT ASS, RUDY, BUT I HAD A FEELING THOSE CHICKS WERE THE BLACK KNIGHTS PROPERTY
POW!
YEAH, I KNEW IT, TOO I JUST CAN'T RESIST LATINO WOMEN
BUS LANE
BUSES


YOU BASTARD! YEAH, AND THEY'RE SO GRATEFUL THEY SEND THEIR MEN TO THANK US!
RELAX, GYPSY, ENJOY THE RIDE
WE'RE GONNA HAVE A REAL BLAST IF YOU DON'T GET THAT CANNON OFF OUR TAIL!
DON'T FRET. I'M JUST LEADING THEM ON. I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR THEM.
I'VE GOT YOU NOW! I'M GONNA BLAST YOUR BALLS OFF!
CRAK!!
DOW!!
SHIT! MISSED! FOUR SECONDS TO RELOAD NOW!
RUDY SWERVES THE STINGER OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND
AND SLAMS ON THE BRAKES
SLUC!

THE WHEELS OF THE STINGER GRIND MOMENTARILY INTO THE ASPHALT BENEATH THE SNOW, AND THE HAPLESS PURSUERS TAKE THE UNFAVORABLE LEAD.
SSCREECH!!!
NOW THE REAL CATS CHASE THE REAL RATS!
VROOM!
VROOM!
OH SHITTT!
ONE OF THE ADDITIONAL FEATURES OF THIS HOT ROD IS DUAL MOUNTED 20mm MACHINE GUNS
THERE! RIGHT WHERE I WANT THEM!
WEA-PONS ON
CLICK!
TAT-TAT-TAT
300 ROUNDS PER MINUTE MAKES THIS BEE STING DEADLY

YAHOOO!
SIGNS
FRAPP! FRAP!
BRAT TAT
AAAARRGGGHH!
AAARRGHH! I'M BURNIN' U---
BURST!!
THE DEADLY MIXTURE OF FUEL AND AMMUNITION TRANSFORMS THE VEHICLE INTO A ROLLING INFERNO OF MELTING METAL AND INCINERATED FLESH.

BARBECUE TIME!
THOSE JERKS WON'T MESS WITH US FOR A-WHILE!
RUDY! LOOK OUT!
WHA..
3 SANITATION POLICE
TOO LATE TO STOP! JUMP!
3 SANITATION POLICE
SO LONG, STINGER!
BOUP!


THE FRANTIC CHASE ENDS ABRUPTLY AS THE STINGER DISINTEGRATES AGAINST A WALL OF STEEL. UNFORTUNATELY FOR RUDY AND GYPSY, THEY ALL HAVE INCURRED THE WRATH OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE FORCE OF ALL: THE SANITATION POLICE.
CRASH!
UHH SORRY, SIR UH, I'M SURE MY INSURANCE WILL COVER THIS UM
QUIET. GET UP!
YES, SIR. OF COURSE, SIR
SANITATION
ACCORDING TO ARTICLE 13 OF THE NEW LAW, YOU ARE IN VIOLATION OF THE SOCIAL HYGIENE ACT. THE LAW STIPULATES THE REMOVAL OF UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS THAT COULD POTENTIALLY POLLUTE THE HARMONY OF OUR SOCIETY. YOU ARE TO BE EXECUTED IMMEDIATELY SERGEANT, LINE THEM UP!
FUCK-HEADS.
YOU BETTER GET THIS OVER WITH BEFORE I LOSE MY COOL
SANITAT
YES, SIR!

TIE THEM TO THAT POST. THEIR CORPSES WILL BE A REMINDER TO THE REST OF THEM ..OF US!
AHH! HEY, TAKE IT EASY, BOYS!
SNUFFED AT 18 BECAUSE OF SOME STINKIN' LAW! BASTARDS
REMEMBER GYPSY .. LIVE FAST, DIE YOUNG
THIS IS IT, RUDY.
YEAH, SEE YA IN HELL.
PLATOON!
READY..
AIM..
SANITATION
SANITATION
WOMP!

SNIPER!
TAKE COV
WHAT THE HELL. .
AAARRGGHHH!
BLAM BLAM! BLAM!
ONE BY ONE, THE SANITATION POLICE ARE CUT DOWN IN A MATTER OF SECONDS BY THE MERCILESS GUN SIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN SNIPER, THEIR BLOOD STAINING THE FRESH SNOW
I CLOSED MY EYES WHEN I HEARD THE SHOTS NOW THEY'RE ALL DEAD WHO DID THIS?
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO THANK, LOOK UP TO YOUR LEFT

IT'S HIM!
FRAMED BY THE RISING SUN HE STANDS OVERLOOKING HIS CITY THE SYMBOL OF HOPE FOR THE ILLEGAL ZONES FEARED BY MOST, RESPECTED BY ALL. THEY CALL HIM
REBEL
STORY AND ART BY PEPE MORENO
SCRIPT BY PEPE MORENO, KENNY SILVESTER, PETE CICCONE, AND ROB HINGLEY
MORENO 84

TO BE CONTINUED

©1989 C. BURNS
El BORBAH
BLINE Voyage
STORY SO FAR: WHILE SEARCHING THE RANSACKED APARTMENT OF WALDA KISSLING, EL BORBA FINDS A CLUE THAT LEADS HIM TO A HOTEL CALLED THE WISHBONE. AT THE BAR HE'S GIVEN A DRUGGED DRINK THAT KNOCKS HIM ON HIS ASS...
JESUS...HE'S COMING OUT OF IT... I GAVE HIM ENOUGH DOPE TO PUT AN ELEPHANT IN A COMA...
YOU'D BETTER STAND BACK DOC...
WAP!
SNAP OUT OF IT FATMAN... WE'VE GOT A FEW QUESTIONS FOR YOU...

WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HIRED TO FIND WALDA KISSLING, BUT THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND...
YEAH... LIKE HOW'D YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE WISHBONE?
?!
WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR BIG UGLY DOG-FACED MAMA?
ALRIGHT... LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON...
COME ON... LET'S SEE YOUR STUFF...
TRY HITTING ME HARD THIS TIME!
HARDER YOU LOUSY LITTLE WIMP!
UHH... THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO MAKE YOU TALK... RIGHT, DOC?
WHEN WE GET BACK YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN!
YOUR MAMA WISHES YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN!
...AND DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF HERE WISEGUY... THIS DOOR IS SOLID STEEL!

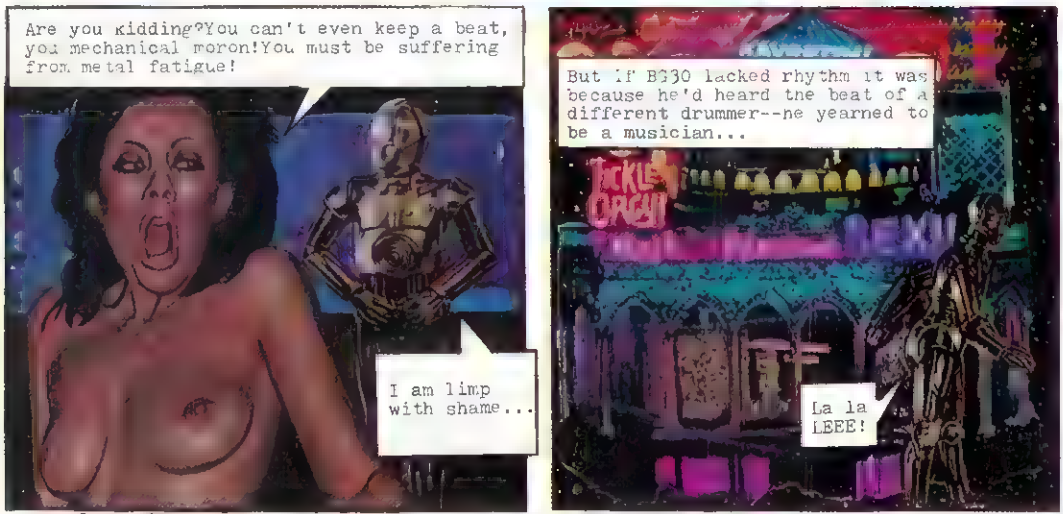
HMMM...I MUST HAVE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING BIG...THOSE CHARACTERS ARE MUCHO UPTIGHT ABOUT ME SHOWING MY FACE AT "THE WISHBONE."
SPEAKING OF UPTIGHT...
SOLID STEEL DOOR, HUH?
I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE MY OWN DOOR...
WAM!
?
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
JESUS H. CHRIST, THIS PLACE GOES ON FOREVER...I'M GETTING NOWHERE FAST!
SHIT! SOMEONE'S COMING! I'D BETTER MAKE MYSELF SCARCE...

JESUS! A WHOLE TROOP OF 'EM!
I THINK I'LL JOIN THE PARTY..
O.K., BOZO...KEEP QUIET AND I MIGHT LET YOU BREATH AGAIN!
HEY, NOT A BAD FIT.
IF I DON'T GET MY ASS IN GEAR I'M GONNA BE LEFT BEHIND.
THIS MUST BE THEIR CLUBHOUSE...
CREEPIN' CHRIST ON A CROSS! WE'RE IN SOME DAMN CAVE!
HOLY SHIT!

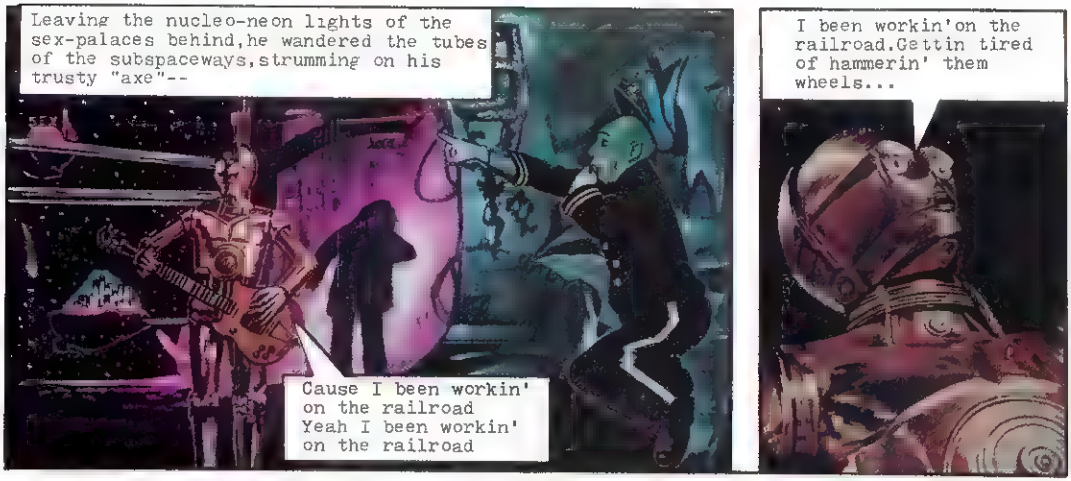
HERE COMES THE BIG CHEESE...
GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN, BROTHERS OF THE BONE... WE HAVE A GREAT DEAL TO COVER THIS EVENING...
...BUT FIRST ON THE AGENDA WE HAVE A SMALL DISPUTE TO SETTLE BETWEEN TWO OF OUR DISTRICT CHAIRMEN.
...AND HOW SHALL WE SETTLE THIS DISPUTE MY BROTHERS?
THE WISH BONE!
THE MOMENT OF JUDGEMENT AWAITS YOU! TAKE YOUR APPOINTED SEATS!
YES, OH MIGHTY MASTER OF THE BONE!
LET THE WISHBONE BE YOUR JUDGE!
SNAP!
ZZZZZZZ
ZZZ
CRAK!
!
BOOM!
I DID IT! I DID IT! I WON!
JEEZE... I CAN THINK OF EASIER WAYS OF CROAKIN' A GUY...

MAN...THIS COSTUME IS GETTING ON MY NERVES...AND I'M HURTIN' FOR A BUTT...
SAY, PAL... YOU GOTTA SMOKE?
?
AN INTRUDER! WE HAVE AN INTRUDER!
OOPS... TIME TO BOOK!
HEY, SOME SORT OF GO-CART... JUST WHAT I NEED TO MAKE TRACKS!
THERE HE IS!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
KPOOMMM!
WOW...THIS LITTLE BABY CAN WHIP!
UH-OH...
WAM! WAM!
CONTINUED

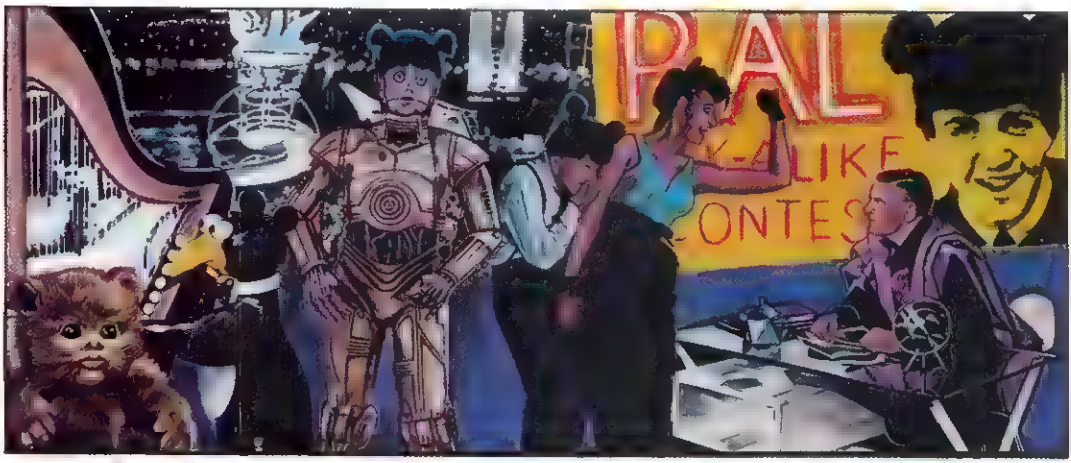
"B330" began life as a pleasure-droid in the fabulous inter-galactic sex palaces of Time². He was programmed from Old Earth pornographic video-tapes and outfitted with the latest latex devices.
Oh yes,yes, yes!Please, please,please!
But he was a wash-out.
Get lost,you cast-iron creep!
But,Madam,let me take you over the moon with a thousand sky-rocket O's -


Are you kidding?You can't even keep a beat, you mechanical moron!You must be suffering from metal fatigue!
I am limp with shame...
But if B330 lacked rhythm it was because he'd heard the beat of a different drummer--he yearned to be a musician...
La la LEEE!

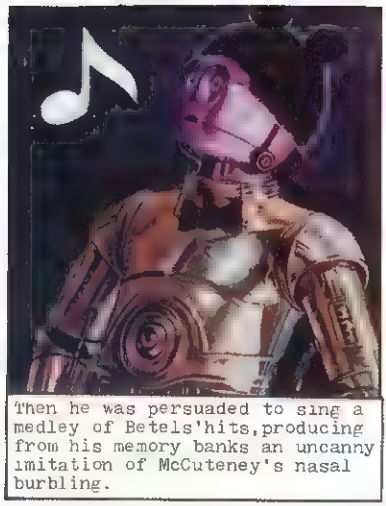
copyright 1985 "THROBBING" ROD KIERKEGAARD, JR.

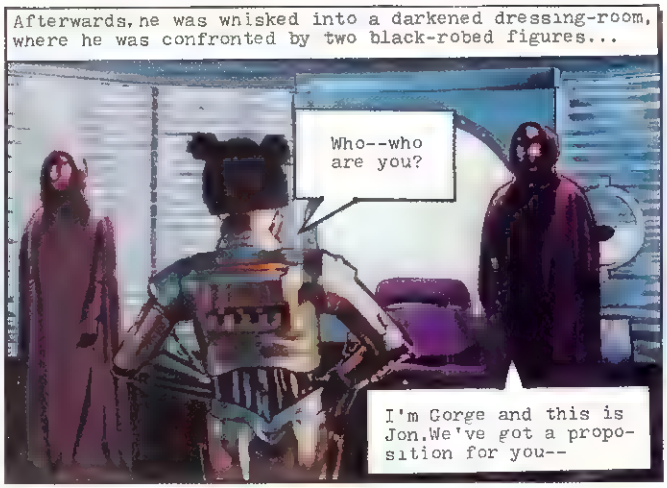

Leaving the nucleo-neon lights of the sex-palaces behind, he wandered the tubes of the subspaceways, strumming on his trusty "axe"--
Cause I been workin' on the railroad
Yeah I been workin' on the railroad
I been workin' on the railroad. Gettin tired of hammerin' them wheels...

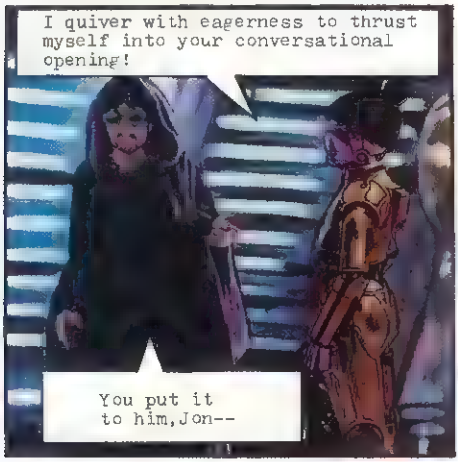
After a few months of this, he noticed that his career had stalled and, swallowing his pride, he enterred a "Pal McCuteney Look-alike Contest." At that time the Betels were at the zenith of their cosmic popularity, and teenagers flocked to any event connected with them--dance contests, virgin sacrifices, album burnings...



For BG30, his face hastily spray-painted, the evening went like a dream.
And now, ladeez an' gemmun, the winner of tonight's contest--
Mr Bee Gee Three OH!


Then he was persuaded to sing a medley of Betels'hits,producing from his memory banks an uncanny imitation of McCuteney's nasal burbling.


Afterwards,he was whisked into a darkened dressing-room, where he was confronted by two black-robed figures...
Who--who are you?
I'm Gorge and this is Jon.We've got a proposition for you--


I quiver with eagerness to thrust myself into your conversational opening!
You put it to him,Jon--

Oh yes,yes, yes!Please, please, please!
You look like Pal, You sound like Pal... how would you like to be Pal?

Yes,Pal is dead.He cracked up on a slippery part of null-space when he tried to go faster than the speed-limit of light.
Now his molecules are spread across the universe--he's become a part of all of us...

scramble your circuits?
another throbbing member of your tight leather band?
I think he means Rocky. Well, you see, Rocky's never been quite right in the head. Ever since he had a nasty run-in at the Woodstock Big Bug Concert.
Hey!
You're Rocky Starzborne, aren't you?
Yes.
Sure I saw you arrive at the stadium. But I guess you're used to sex-crazed fans trying to pick you up...
Urp! No, this is the first time it's ever happened.
Her name was Princess Easy-leia Orgasma, rock music's most famous super groupie...

TEX ARCANA

MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE

PART 18

HOWDY TO ALL OF YOU OUT THERE IN DEAR READER LAND AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE WIERD WEST.

WELL...WHILE THE OTHER PLAYERS IN OUR STORY ARE LANGUISHING HAPLESSLY IN THE THRALL OF CURSED NIGHT, OUR OLD FRIENDS, HERP AND SWEAZ HAVE DISCOVERED A NOVEL ALTERNATIVE....

WE BEEN WALKIN' FOR, WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, **DAYS**, AN' IT'S, LIKE, TH' SAME DIFF'RENCE. YA KNOW?

WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE IS... **UP AND DOWN.**

COME AGAIN?

©1984 John Findley

EV'RYWHERE YA LOOK, **EMPTY SPACE** ... COLORLESS, ODORLESS, SHADOWLESS, LIMITLESS.

JEEZ, SWEAZ, YER RIGHT! UH...SO?
SO, HOW COME UP IS THATAWAY AN' DOWN'S BELOW?
?
SEE, TH' ONLY THING HERE IS THIS STRANGE CHAIN OF SURFACES AND PLANES STRETCHING FROM ONE END OF NUTHIN' TO TH' OTHER. WHERE'S THE GRAVITY COMIN' FROM?
I MEAN, IT'D MAKE MORE SENSE IF WE WERE CLIMBIN' UP OR DOWN THIS THING INSTEAD OF WALKIN' ALONG IT.
YER GONNA HAFTA HELP ME OUT ON THIS. I AIN'T EXAC'LY FOLLOWIN'....
EVERYTHING IN THIS WHOLE DAMNED PLACE IS EITHER OUT THERE WHERE WE'RE GOIN' OR BACK THERE WHERE WE CAME FROM...
WELL, LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, THERE'S NO APPARENT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THAT WAY AND THIS WAY OR UP AND DOWN.
...AN' YET, TH' SOURCE OF GRAVITY IS DOWN THERE WHY?
...IT DOESN'T MAKE A WHOLE LOTTA SENSE, HERP. HERE WE GOT THIS WHOLE UNIVERSE ORIENTED AROUND A SINGLE WHATCHACALLIT... AXIS...AN' YET GRAVITY PULLS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO IT. HOW COME?
2

I GUESS WHAT I'M TRYIN' T' ASK IS, WHERE'S TH' SYMMETRY?
OKAY, WELL... WHAT IF WE'RE ON, LIKE, TH' HALFWAY POINT ALONG THIS CHAIN OF STUFF, OR IF TH' CHAIN IS, YA KNOW, INFINITE, THEN TH' PULL OF GRAVITY WOULD, LIKE, BALANCE OUT!
RIGHT?
AN' IT WOULD SEEM LIKE "UP" WAS AWAY FROM TH' CHAIN AN' "DOWN" WAS T'WARDS IT.
SO. WHAT COULD BE WRONG WITH THAT THEORY?
A COUPLA THINGS.
FIRST, IF TH' CHAIN WAS TH' ONLY SOURCE OF GRAVITY, IT WOULD HAVE TO BE ENORMOUSLY DENSE TO HOLD US SO STRONGLY... YET IT'S TRANSPARENT.
HMM.
SECOND, TH' APPARENT GRAVITATIONAL PULL WOULD BE PERPENDICULAR TO THE SOURCE IN ALL DIRECTIONS, SO ONE SHOULD BE ABLE TO WALK, SIT OR STAND IN THE SAME WAY ON ALL SIDES OF THIS THING...
...WHICH ONE CLEARLY CANNOT DO!
GOTCHA!
YA MADE YER POINT, SWEAZ. SO, WHAT'S ALL THIS TELL US?
OOF! CAREFUL WITH MY FLANGE.
I THINK IT MEANS THAT THIS PLACE ISN'T REAL.
IT'S IMAGINARY.
ARE YOU TELLIN' ME THAT ONE OF US JUST SORTA DREAMED IT UP?
SOMEBODY DREAMED IT UP.
3

MEANWHILE, BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS, AT THE BOARDING HOUSE BELONGING TO THE WIDOW BURNS...
COME IN, MRS. BURNS.
MR. PAGANO...?
MM, I'M SORRY, MRS. BURNS. MMMM... THE MAESTRO HAS GONE OUT, POSSIBLY. MM. FOR THE ENTIRE EVENING
AH! THEN YOU MUST BE MR KLEID. I WAS NOT AWARE THAT YOU, TOO, ARE A MUSICIAN.
I, MADAM? I AM THE GREAT GRAND-DADDY OF MUSICIANS.
TO BE CONTINUED...

Dossier

Photo by Adriano Alecchi

Gregory Mcdonald

From 1966 to 1973 he was a columnist and the Arts and Leisure editor of the Boston *Globe*, starting at age twenty-nine. He describes a riot he had covered: ". . . A policeman came charging out of a blue barrage. He was running toward me, he had a big stick in his hand. There were two of us sitting there, this kid next to me who was not much younger than I, about the same size. And I could see this policeman as he was coming toward us, making a decision as to which one he was going to hit on the head with a stick. And it was very interesting—will he hit me or the kid? He had no idea who I was. . . . And I went up to him, about half an hour later, and I said: 'I'm interested in the intellectual/emotional process you went through. Why did you choose to hit him instead of me?'

"And he said, 'Who're you?'

"I said, 'I'm **Gregory Mcdonald** from the *Globe*.'

"And he said: 'Why do you *write*?' "

The first time he'd ever been asked that question. Mcdonald laughs, still amazed by the whole thing. The answer he'd given the cop had been sincerely altruistic—as he is still—but fifteen minutes earlier Mcdonald said this to me of writing: "It's the most polite response to life of which I'm capable."

Although now best known worldwide as the author of the "Fletch" and "Flynn" series, Mcdonald first attained writerly prominence a decade before their start with his 1964 ***Running Scared***, a scathing, deadpan novel indicting the Ivy League and its complementary institutions for earnestly churning out cold-blooded shits instead of the usual Joe Colleges. When he joined the *Globe* two years later, Mcdonald became the first journalist at a major daily to write against the Vietnam War and—QED—the first to get his ass kicked for it. After seven years to the day of intense newspaper work he quit, went into semi-isolation, and a year later published ***Fletch***.

The introduction of I. M. Fletcher—reporter, iconoclast, good guy, and dedicated irritant—brought several new approaches to mystery writing, not the least of which was an incredibly vivid, pared-down prose Mcdonald terms "post-cinematic." Neither in perpetual heat nor a knightly sap, Fletch operated out of a healthy self interest, making him wealthy and ever more resourceful in his premier book and its sequel, ***Confess, Fletch*** Both won Edgar awards. *Confess, Fletch* introduced Mcdonald's other major continuing character, the redoubtable Boston Police Inspector Francis Xavier Flynn, whose Irish-cop cover keeps him occupied, whenever inactive, for a friendly international superspy agency Brilliant, sarcastic, and fully middle-class, Flynn is Mcdonald's greatest creation, garnering his own series with 1977's ***Flynn***. (By the by; Mcdonald's also written two non-series novels: a sprawling, gently funny tale about an advice columnist entitled ***Love Among the Mashed Potatoes***, and a light, very informed, diplomatic suspense story, ***Who Took Toby Rinaldi?***)

Says Mcdonald· "I think what Flynn and Fletch have that people respond to is a refusal to be a victim. They are put into a circumstance in which they appear to be victimized—you know, the whole world is coming down on them—and through their wit, humor, whatever, you see at the end of the book that they're *not* victimized. . . . If you go out into the street and ask people what they think about people, I think more than half of your answers will be negative, that they really don't have a good opinion of the human race. At least they'll say this: that almost everybody is victimized by being alive, by having to have relationships, a job, by having to eat. Yet I think 99 9

NAHALLYWOOD

"At one point," laughs director **Albert Pyun**, "our ad campaign was going to read, 'Love, death, rock 'n' roll. *You* figure it out.' "

In a roundabout way, director Pyun is describing his next fantasy extravaganza, ***Radioactive Dreams***, a modestly budgeted, overly imaginative glimpse of a post-nuclear future that offers healthy doses of *film noir*, 1950s rock 'n' roll, 1960s psychedelia, and 1980s punk.

Present and accounted for are mutant surfers, lizard villains, black leather encased biker women, ugly greasers, deafening rock bands, hippie cannibals, and—oh yeah—an 800-pound monster rat named "Sniffles."

At this point in his career, the boyish Pyun can (and will) get away with murder. His low-budget independent fantasy, ***The Sword and the Sorcerer***, outgrossed most of the studio flicks in 1982 (eventually amassing over $35 million) and he's hoping that *Radioactive Dreams* will do the same in 1985, although he candidly admits, "This one's a lot weirder—a *lot*."

The movie opens shortly before World War III when two boys, aged four, are tossed into a fallout shelter by two mysterious strangers. Fifteen years later, after having nothing to do in the shelter but read 1940s detective novels, they emerge as two wisecracking-detective kind of guys, Philip (John Stockwell) and Marlowe (Michael Dudikoff).

Within hours they meet their first *real* woman ever, the enigmatic Miles Archer (Lisa Blount), two even more mysterious adults, Spade Chandler (George Kennedy) and Dash Hammer (Don Murray), and enought mutants to qualify the film for *The Day After*'s greatest-hits status. Within twenty-four hours the boys become embroiled in a thriller of a plot that takes the Earth to the brink of World War IV.

And that's not even taking into consideration the tank-sized rat!

"It's pretty funny but pretty dramatic, too," says Pyun. "After *The Sword and the Sorcerer*, I wanted to do an adventure film I read that *The Day After* was going to be filmed, and I figured that the post-nuke genre might become popular. At that time, the MX missile debates were going strong.

"Originally, the movie was going to be a Dan Aykroyd-Bill Murray kind of comedy, with two guys in their mid-thirties stuck in a bomb shelter all these years. The only reason they leave is because they run out of beer. That was funny, but it seemed like pretty much of a one-joke film. Where do you go from there? It was shallow.

"Instead, we made it two young kids going through a pretty wild rites-of-passage story. At first, the movie was going to be very sexual. I mean, they've been in a bomb shelter all their lives so all they cared about was getting laid. It was going to be a real teenage movie. But then we figured that *that* got to be a one-joke idea, too. So we played around with the story a little more. Now it's almost a Hitchcock-type of dark comedy.

"We decided to make the boys old-fashioned detectives in the future because that kind of character represents the simpler, nobler America of the 1940s. For all their hard-boiled mannerisms, those detectives were pretty naive and trusting. They were the perfect kinds of people to view a post-nuclear world. They would be constantly amazed.

"The most difficult aspect in getting this going was the fact that the movie is *so* high-concept that it had to have a lot of substance to it or it would just run out of gas. The real trick has been to create

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Gregory Mcdonald *continued*

percent of those people have the courage, the strength of mind on any intellectual/emotional level, to *not* be a victim."

What Mcdonald brings especially to mysteries that his imitators can never hope to swipe, in addition to his empathy and extraordinary ability to manufacture coincidence, is an uncommon intelligence that strives to break open the conventions of a terribly conservative genre. In this regard the most profound example is ***The Buck Passes Flynn***, wherein the main villain is inflation—this is the heart of the book, which is resolved not in accordance with the dictates of detective-story tidiness but by shunting the plot into an alternate universe. Mcdonald's most recent work also attains this level of bizarre achievement. ***Carioca Fletch***, chronologically the direct sequel to *Fletch*, takes its hero to Brazil, a highly spiritualistic country, and may well be the most accurate novel about Latin logic by an outsider. And with a setup worthy of Conan Doyle or Rex Stout, ***Flynn's In*** concerns itself with the elitism that drives the select few who *really* run the world. Wholly undidactic, Mcdonald is simply one of the brightest, most innovative popular writers today.

Yet his success sometimes only serves to emphasize some surprising inner conflicts. An asthmatic who chain-smokes, Gregory Mcdonald periodically thinks he should be working a jackhammer somewhere because of guilt over his "leisurely" writer's existence—despite an upbringing by liberal, artistic, and apparently guiltless parents. At the same time he worries that the average person has far too little self esteem, and his task is to encourage people to overcome their timidity, just as he must by writing. He remembers an autograph party. "To me the most incredible and annoying thing about people, and I can't tell you how many times this has happened, is how people will come up to me and they'll say, 'I've been looking forward to meeting you,' and I'll say, 'I've been looking forward to meeting *you*.' Which is true, you know—what the hell else am I doing? And they know my name and I'll say, 'What is your name?' And they'll say, 'Oh, I'm not important; I'm no one.' That sort of denies everything I'm doing, everything I'm about."

—Robert Morales

Gregory Mcdonald's books are best read in order of publication:

1964 Running Scared (Avon)

1974 Fletch (Avon)

1976 Confess, Fletch (Avon)

1977 Flynn (Avon)

1978 Fletch's Fortune (Avon)

1978 Love Among the Mashed Potatoes (Dutton)

1980 Who Took Toby Rinaldi? (Putnam)

1981 Fletch and the Widow Bradley (Warner)

1981 The Buck Passes Flynn (Ballantine)

1982 Fletch's Moxie (Warner)

1983 Fletch and the Man Who (Warner)

1984 Carioca Fletch (Warner)

1984 Flynn's In (The Mysterious Press)

situations that were new and different all the way through, situations that would really challenge our heroes both physically and emotionally."

And so Pyun came up with the idea of taking them through different "styles" of Americana on their quest, ranging from the 1940s to the 1980s.

In the beginning, the "detective" boys are discovered in a bomb shelter. Those scenes were filmed in classic *noir* black and white in the old 1:33 screen format. When Philip and Marlowe later enter the Hippie District of Edge City, *cinéma vérité* hand-held cameras—so popular in the *Woodstock* ad nauseam films—are used. When the boys enter the Punk District, the movie looks like a gigantic rock video.

In spite of the futuristic time frame and the whacked-out visuals, Pyun thinks the movie is, basically, an old-time detective thriller. "Those old Chandler and Hammett novels were always about a guy who thought he knew everything. He was cynical and tough, jaded. At the end of the story, though, he realizes that he's been made a sap, and that he didn't really know too much after all. Hopefully, the next time out, he won't be fooled.

"Our boys are like those heroes. Our two boys in the bomb shelter are *so* innocent, they think they know all about the world. The middle of the film finds them tossed into a detective thriller, and the lovable qualities they possessed in the first act begin to fade. They become hard and jaded. They get double-crossed and abused and, by the end of the second act, they are hard-core, non-feeling young men. The last act deals with whether they are going to make it back, emotionally, to where they started from.

"Stylistically, it was fun to do. The movie starts off very dark, in the bomb shelter. Then, when Philip and Marlowe emerge into the *real* world for the first time, it gets very bright. As they get more jaded, the film gets darker and more *noir*. It was fun to work with their emotional temperament visually.

"We have the boys functioning on two levels. On the first, and most obvious, there's the immediate threat to their lives. Then there's the whole reason they were tossed into the bomb shelter in the first place—they never knew who did it. Two strangers abandoned them there and left They never came back. That's the second mystery of the film. The first mystery leads them to the other."

Once he had completed the script, writer-director Pyun then set about hiring some of the best and brightest new talent in Hollywood to visualize his nightmarish visions. Charles and Stephen Chiodo built and operated "Sniffles," the radioactive rat. Fourteen feet long, the foam-rubber-covered critter had twenty-two separate functions, twelve operators prodding him into pneumatically controlled robot action, and a lively attitude that allowed him to swing 150 degrees vertically and 180 degrees horizontally while carrying an actor in his mouth

"Think her head will explode if I hit her between the eyes?" Michelle Little as Rusty Mars, Michael Dudikoff as Marlowe, and John Stockwell as Philip (left to right) in Radioactive Dreams.

Makeup-effects whiz Greg Cannom created mutant surfers with barnacle-coated body suits, stringy blond hair (thank you, Beach Boys), and oversize eyes. The punk rockers turned out to be nearly zombie-esque, and the villains of the piece were humanoid lizards.

Pyun smiles shyly, recalling how hairy it was to spawn a major movie on a minor budget. "We ran into some problems," he chuckles. "I think our script might have been overly ambitious for our budget. Unfortunately, in the middle of the film, we weren't able to shoot a couple of really great scenes. We just didn't have the money for them

"On the other hand, most of the people who were working for us were first-timers, so they really were busting their chops trying to get the most for the money. As a result, the movie really *looks* great. It was everyone's chance to prove something. They did "

Still, Pyun regrets losing a couple of the more wacky scenes he had penned, including one wonderful vision of mutant surfers hanging ten in an ocean that was sparkling in a dangerous, radioactive mode That entailed dyeing a large section of the Pacific off Southern California.

"The expense of dyeing the ocean was just too rough. Plus, it could only be done at one time during the day. When you dye the ocean, the chemicals react with the sun to get the right effect. We had to be there at that exact moment to get the shot."

Pyun shrugs philosophically. "Hey, it's tough. We had these problems on *The Sword and the Sorcerer*, too It's hard to do quality movies on low budgets. Both of these movies take place on other worlds. They aren't contemporary. You have to use a lot of imagination and have a lot of patience to create new worlds for little

John Stockwell (left) and Michael Dudikoff, the two post-nuke fashion plates of Radioactive Dreams.

money and not have audiences be aware of that fact

"A movie like *The Terminator* can deal with realistic, natural locations. The time and money can then be spent on other things We, on the other hand, were always battling reality to keep our future world looking futuristic. We couldn't show parts of contemporary Los Angeles because the movie would have looked cheap

"Instead of shooting out in the desert—which has been done to death—we shot on volcanoes in Hawaii. That was hard. The upper locations, on the summit, were so high that we all had to take oxygen. No one could breathe. On the lower levels, we were all breathing sulfur. The ground was hot. It was horrible. The access to the areas was rough. Even the actors had to carry equipment in— and we had a good-sized crew. You couldn't take vehicles in there.

"Theoretically, this is *not* the kind of movie you want to do on a low budget. You're always stretched *so* far. In one scene we had 600 extras in this punk city. Every one of them had to wear major makeup and be costumed.

"Then there was the rat Whenever you deal with a mechanical thing, you're always risking a lot. It was trial and error with the rat. It works effectively in the picture but, boy, were we lucky. We had to shoot all the rat stuff in a day. It was really scary, really hectic."

Still, Pyun's unlimited vision but limited budget and shooting schedule might have *helped* the finished film, in that most of the young actors found the kinetic feeling of the movie a real plus. "Because we shot on a lot of nights and our lighting setups were long and intricate, it was sort of a drag for the actors physically but, professionally, they stayed into it.

"It was so bizarre Every day was a new scene, a new look And these scenes were *all* hard. You couldn't just float through them. It was a real challenge. Plus, I like to change lines between takes The actors liked this a lot, although I think it threw Don Murray and George Kennedy. These are old-fashioned, total professionals. Veterans. They come on the set with everything memorized. Throw them new lines, though, and they're not sure of what's going on. They got into it, though I think George Kennedy loved wearing his lizard mask."

Currently putting the finishing touches on the film, Pyun is planning his next modestly budgeted production. He has a few ideas in mind, all of them, of course, of epic proportions.

For Pyun, that's quite all right. "I love things that are larger than life. I love stories that are opaque, movies that give you all the pieces of the plot but you don't become aware of them until the second half. One of my favorite films of all time is *Once Upon a Time in the West*. The first forty-five minutes of that movie, you're thinking, 'What the hell is going on?' By the end, everything fits together. Even when you don't understand things, you know that it's special.

"Right now, maybe we're trying to do too much for our money. But I think what we accomplish is tremendous. I'd rather have a noble failure than a dumb film. Something like *Once Upon a Time in the West* is immortal."

Would Pyun ever consider doing a Western? "As a matter of fact, I'd like to do one "

But, characteristically, Pyun, major fantasizer on mini-budgets, wants to do a *different* kind of Western. "It doesn't really take place in America. Most of it takes place in Europe and the East. It's a global Western."

Somehow that makes sense.

Now if only they could work in a horse-sized rat

—Ed Naha

***"Where's the guy that gave us that facial?" A pair of cuties from* Radioactive Dreams.**

THE HM FILMSTRIP

Starman When the decrepit specter of *2010*'s astronaut David Bowman foretold that "something wonderful" was about to happen, I'm certain he'd seen John Carpenter's *Starman*. The smart special effects in the opening sequences, capped by a spooky alien transformation treatment by *American Werewolf*'s and *Thriller*'s Rick Baker, are more invigorating than anything in town. Starman's romantic adventure on Earth is something like *E.T.* as told by Clint Eastwood and Harold Ramis –way off Carpenter's turf and pretty stale at its center—but Carpenter grabs Spielberg's saccharin sweet space fables by the lapels and plops them on a whoopee cushion. I've never thought of John Carpenter as being any funnier than the next sickie, but the guy's real kooky!

—sm

2010: Was Peter Hyams mad to think he could write, direct, produce, and photograph *2010*? Hyams overworked himself, and Arthur C. Clarke pecked out his daily two cents' worth from his Sri Lanka phone computer hookup. And that's just what's missing from *2010*—a storyteller's presence. While Richard Edlund's stellar special effects keep your jaw swinging in the breeze, Hyams and Clarke huff and puff to make you believe you'll see something that will *devastate* you. I was still waiting when twenty minutes of closing credits started streaking across the screen. Maybe I didn't eat enough funny brownies.

sm

The Cotton Club Depression-era movie fantasy and the highly unpleasant career of Dutch Schultz are spectacularly counter pointed with a representative celebration of black talent and life in an amazingly well-structured story by Francis Coppola and Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist William Kennedy –the biggest surprise of this "certain disaster" gone right. Gregory Hines and James Remar do knockout work as tap dancer Sandman Williams and the insatiably creepy Schultz, Lonette McKee and Diane Lane are top-notch as world-wise love interests, and Richard Gere's ego has been forcibly restrained to result in his most bearable performance ever, as Coppola proves again that no other American director delivers more under insane ballyhooed pressure.

Robert Morales

Night of the Comet So powerful it wiped out the dinosaurs when last through the neighborhood, the Comet has this time left two dippy teeny-boppers to fend off packs of half-fried zombies—although the girls seem most concerned with looking fabulous. Writer director Thom Eberhardt has a real feel for pop culture and film in-jokes, and *Comet* is good, scary fun.

—sm

Supergirl This fourth *Super*movie lunges at you in the same red-faced, veins-bulging-at-the neck manner as the others—comic catastrophes and primary colors so loud you'll think you've been staring into the sun for two hours. But where Superman got to save the world, Supergirl makes goo-goo eyes at the hunky gardener and whines for her civilization's survival. How backward to think that Geraldine Ferraro's homeland wouldn't have accepted a kick-ass Supergirl. Helen Slater should have studied Grace Jones a little; she marches through the movie with the determined face of a urine analyst. But Faye Dunaway and Peter O'Toole deliver the kind of crazed performances that happen only under full moons.

—sm

RAVING AND DROOLING

In the nearly three years since his death, **Philip K. Dick** has become the center of a growing personality cult. The rumblings had started earlier—dating from at least 1975, when Paul Williams's superb profile appeared in *Rolling Stone* (the first close look at the guy himself most of us had gotten), as well as the first couple of many chapbook studies of his work. The stone was rolling, and moss started gathering. Dick's enigmatically premature demise only launched things into full-throttle free-fall.

The cult was formalized by the establishment of the Philip K. Dick Society, headed by literary executor Paul Williams, which serves as a gathering place for admirers (I hesitate to use the word "fans"), and publishes a quarterly newsletter with news, data, and stuff from the archives (letters, journal extracts, photos, etc.). But the Society's essential function is to gain recognition and attention for Dick's work, get out-of-print writing back in the bookstores, and put never-before-published stuff there as well. That mission is obviously going swimmingly, judging by the tsunami that has begun. (Williams says he's trying his best to ration the flow so that all us fanatics can absorb it without going into post-Dick shock syndrome.) Examinations of PKD and his work are popping up all over the goddamn place—in sf fanzines, academic journals, and prestigious university presses, to the point where the guy would appear to be the most written-about sf writer in the field's short history.

Which is okay, I guess, because no two people seem to agree on what it is about the guy that's so great. Reading Phil Dick leaves you with a strange mix of emotions to sort through; his vision is an untidy one, full of convoluted, contradictory ideas and impulses. It's not the usual sort of well-ordered, cut-and-dried rot favored by the tight-assed majority of sf people (readers and writers alike). He fits nowhere conveniently—runs twitchingly away if he finds himself too comfortable in one place for too long—and so everyone and his word processor has his own weird take on him.

The first forty-odd pages of **Gregg Rickman**'s ***Philip K. Dick: In His Own Words*** (Fragments West) are that author's take on PKD, and I'd advise all but the most obsessive to skip it. Rickman dutifully busies himself dividing Dick's novels into three periods of activity (yawn), champions what he considers an overlooked group (a funny study could be made on what each writer's personal favorite PKD book says about his own twisted psychology—Rickman's winner is the

Photo by Frank Riordan

Phil Dick keeping an eye on us from the void.

mediocre *Counter-Clock World*), and ends up with an exposition of Dick's search for the essential human quality of caring (good enough point, snoozily presented). But the meat of the book—transcriptions of Rickman's lengthy interviews with Dick—is prime stuff. Here's the man in all his perverted glory: warm, grumpy, hysterically funny, compulsively self-contradictory, cranky, given to lunatic notions, and quite brilliant in the scope of his knowledge and the idiosyncratic ways he chose to apply it. Best of all is the preservation of Dick's loopy speech patterns, revealing at last why his characters all speak with such quirky, convoluted earnestness—because that's the way their creator spoke, too. Two more volumes are promised; now that Dick's ideas about his work are taken care of, Rickman will move on to stuff about the strange visions that transformed the last eight years of PKD's life, and then a straight biographical tracing of his fifty-four years.

The Man Whose Teeth Were All Exactly Alike (Mark V. Ziesing) is the second of Dick's unpublished non-sf novels to see print (the first was the harrowingly hilarious *Confessions of a Crap Artist*), the last in a line of ten or so PKD turned out in the mid-to-late-fifties in the hopes of leaving the sf ghetto behind. *Teeth* is a good novel—not a great one—lacking the characterizational precision of *Crap Artist* and the gravitational tumbling of his better sf. The novel poses its own science-fictional question: What if PKD had been born into an alternate universe where he'd succeeded as a mainstream novelist, and written no more sf after *Time Out of Joint* (1959)? Though Dick might've gotten what he wanted (and lived a less frustrating life), we would have lost things like *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, *Martian Time-*

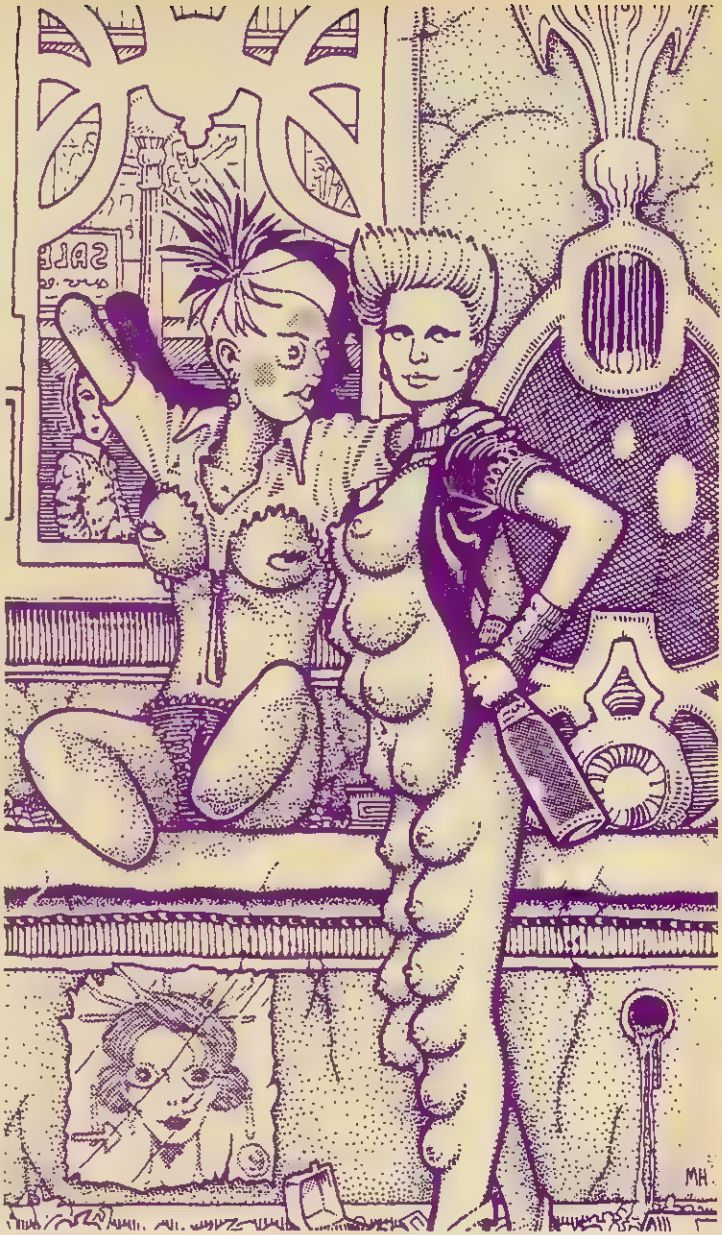
Slip, and *Ubik*—a truly unique trio of grotesquely fascinating science-fictional mutations.

There's quite a bit of Dick's fiction available at the moment, with a flapple-load more to come. DAW has editions of the best mid-sixties to early-seventies stuff: *Three Stigmata*, *Ubik*, *A Scanner Darkly*, *We Can Build You*, *Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said*, and *A Maze of Death* (weakest of the bunch); Bluejay is in the process of issuing snazzy editions of five slightly earlier ones that are almost as good: *The Zap Gun*, *The Penultimate Truth*, *Clans of the Alphane Moon*, *Dr. Bloodmoney*, and *Time Out of Joint* (the last with a particularly brilliant afterword by this immodest writer, and all with great Dick-inhabited cover paintings by Barclay Shaw and frontispieces by Matt Howarth); and *The Man in the High Castle* (everyone's fave except mine), *The Unteleported Man*, *The Cosmic Puppets*, and *Dr. Futurity* (the last three ignorable). Still in the oven are *I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon* (Doubleday, August), previously uncollected stories; *In Milt Lumky Territory*, *Humpty Dumpty in Oakland* (both Dragon Press), and *Puttering About in a Small Land* (Academy Chicago), three more of those late-fifties mainstream trunk-stuffers; to say nothing of Dream Press's planned *complete* short stories (that's a lot). Add to that the Dino De Laurentiis film of *Total Recall* (Ron Shusett and Dan O'Bannon's filmification of "We Can Remember It for You Wholesale"), gearing for pre-production with a rewritten script by director David Cronenberg (*that* one I want to see). Whew.

And if all that ain't enough, you can try ***Dr. Adder*** (Bluejay), **K.W. Jeter**'s depraved and unabashedly Dickian bludgeoning of life in Southern California (Dick's favorite subject as well). I wanted very much to like this book—it's full of brilliantly twisted ideas, grossly memorable images, and chillingly prophetic bits of business (it was written more than ten years ago)—but I didn't like it much. The novel lacks the glandular energy and absurdly realistic logic of Dick's sf; it just meanders without drive and characters into an overly contrived ending. It's sort of the progenitor of "punk" sf, visualized quite spectacularly in Matt Howarth's insane illustrations, but its roots are really in the speculative despair of such early-seventies writers as Barry Malzberg and Robert Silverberg. It's flawed, but ultimately worth publishing. A historical note: the nameless "editorial assistant at a certain publisher" referred to in Phil Dick's afterword was me, and the words I am quoted as saying are pure fiction.

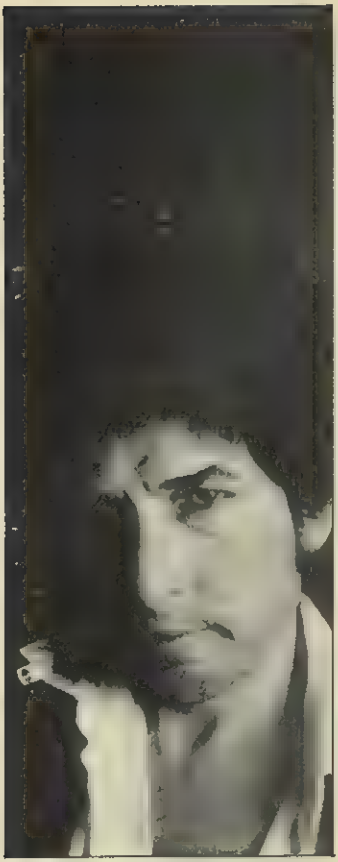
That Philip K. Dick's work will emerge as a major bit of mid-twentieth-century literary excretia I have no doubt. I just wonder if anyone will ever figure the cranky old guy out.

—Lou Stathis



One of the more wholesome moments from Dr. Adder, *illustrated by the Post Brothers' keeper, Matt Howarth.*

(Fragments West: 3908 East 4th Street, Long Beach, CA 90814. Mark V. Ziesing: P.O. Box 806, Willimantic, CT 06226. The Philip K. Dick Society: P.O. Box 611, Glen Ellen, CA 95442.)



DYLAN

"Attention, K mart shoppers! Today's post-Christmas special in the book department is **Dylan** *(Rolling Stone/ Doubleday), a lavishly designed photo chronicle of everyone's favorite troubadour. It's the perfect gift for the coffee table of that Big Chillee you forgot at Christmas.* Dylan *features a finely honed accompanying text by* ***Jonathan Cott*** *that contains quotes from Kierkegaard, Brecht, Omar Khayyám, and lots of other people that you read in college back in the sixties. No matter which Dylan you relate to—folkie, pop art, folk-rock, born again, Talmud Torahed—you'll find him here.* Dylan *was published at $35—but it's now available at the special sale price of $27.75 in the Music (or Religion) section of the book department.*

"Ladies, we're also currently having a sale in the lingerie department—Frankie Goes to Hollywood G-strings that were $15.95 are now on sale for . . ."

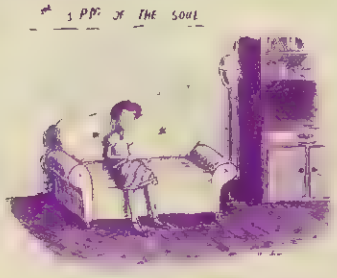
—Ratso Sloman

Heller

In the Old Testament it's often difficult to tell the Israelites from the Philistines without a scorecard, but such delineations are child's play for the author of Catch-22. **God Knows** by **Joseph Heller** (Knopf) is a hilarious and touching biblical fantasy (which may be redundant, and if that offends you, why are you reading Heavy Metal?) about the life and times of David. This may be first sign of Davidmania—Richard Gere has just played him in a soon-to-be-released film, and before you know it, there might be an NBC series. However, it's highly doubtful these can improve on Heller's vision of David as an early Henry Miller or his account of the famous battle with Goliath, which is a pisser.

—Robert Morales

CHASTITY



***ROZ CHAST's* Parallel Universes** *MAYBE A BOWL IS HER THING. A COLLECTION OF CARTOONS OF THE ISH HEREIN MORE THAN HALF APPEARED IN* The New Yorker. *IF YOU DIDN'T EXPERIENCE DEJA VU ON THE REAL THIS STRANGE AND OFTEN HILARIOUS BOOK BE THEN IN ONE saves* The New Yorker. *MAYBE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ATTACK OF THE 10 FOOT PROFESSIONAL DENTIST IN SPACE, PLAN 9 FROM THE 9TH, AFTERNOON OF THE J. D. DEEP AND MOM. OTHER PLANETS AMONG THEIR OTHER FEATURES CLASS AS WAS THE CASE WITH THEIR TWO PREVIOUS COLLECTIONS* Unscientific Americans. Parallel Universes *MAKES NO ATTEMPT TO BE AS RIDICULOUS FOR LIFE AS SOME OF WHICH IS WHICH ONE THINKS CERTAIN CHAST DRAWS THE FUNNIEST LOOKING PEOPLE IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE.*

MICHAEL S. BARSON

At first glance, **Rock Stars** (Stewart, Tabori & Chang—also publishers of Daphne Davis's Stars!) is a deluxe edition of mint photos, lusciously assembled and designed by **J. C. Suares** (Serious Moonlight). But before you place Rock Stars on your coffee table, read ex-Rolling Stone editor **Timothy White**'s bloodthirsty profiles—in which he opens fire on the rich, the famous, and the overrated. Finally, someone has the nerve to describe Michael Jackson as someone "possessed of an awesome ignorance encompassing everything from recent political history to common table etiquette." Autopsies have never looked so beautiful.

sm

C&W

Writer **John Morthland** (a frequent contributor to *HM*) has written the most comprehensive country-music record guide for the layman. ***The Best of Country Music*** (Doubleday/Dolphin) is a fascinating tour of the history of recorded country music—from its roots (early string bands and balladeers, the Depression years, cowboys, Western swing, bluegrass, etc.) to its modern forms (rockabilly, the Nashville and Bakersfield sounds, contemporary country). Morthland covers his subject with accuracy and affection (except where his irascibility takes over—for instance, his coverage of "countrypolitan," not one of John's favorite styles, is restricted to three artists, and he playfully plugs the Okeh *Western Swing* album he compiled). The bottom line is, John knows his stuff, and this volume is a valuable reference source for those who love American music.

—Michael Simmons

Long overdue, **Joanna Russ**'s uncollected stories are finally easily located in two new volumes: **The Zanzibar Cat** and **Extraordinary) People** (St Martin's). The Zanzibar Cat contains most of Russ's earlier short work, including two deft vampire tales, a riotous tourist phrasebook to use among a certain group of aliens ("Waitress, this meal is still alive"), and her famous Nebula Award-winning, "When It Changed"—one of the pioneer sf stories questioning gender roles. Extraordinary) People is a collection of recent thematically linked pieces. Beginning with the Hugo-winning novella "Souls, the book rings changes on the usual tenets of utopian sf with Russ's brightly ruthless precision. Wait for the paperback, though—the St. Martin's edition has its typos and, according to its galleys has even dropped a line from the bottom of page 130, to wit: "of the long winter nights. Seventeen-year-old Bob and nine-" (sic). This service has been brought to you by

—Robert Morales

Howard Waldrop's first non-collaborative novel, **Them Bones** (Ace), tackles the paradoxes of time travel and alternate universes with a sure, light touch, cannily whizzing from a devastated post-World War III future to 1930s Louisiana to—but that would be telling. Ignore the back-cover copy and read it, it's tremendous fun

—Robert Morales

Palimpsests by **Carter Scholz** and **Glen Harcourt** (Ace) has quickly gained a reputation as 1984's most "difficult" sf novel. Those still reading this may rest assured that Scholz and Harcourt have not pursued difficulty for the sake of torturing unwary readers—but to create one of the most challenging and rewarding works to emerge from the last decade of new sf writers. Though set in a realistically portrayed 1991, Palimpsest deals primarily with the discovery of what can only be an artifact sent back from an unimaginable future to be found at an anthropological dig. Its effects on the world-views and safety of its discoverers are cunningly displayed with Pynchonesque narrative breadth and Ballardian introspection.

—Robert Morales

Nuts-and-bolts is alive and well written in **Lewis Shiner**'s **Frontera** (Baen). In his first novel Shiner manages to fuse the better narrative qualities of 1950s Heinlein with an inspired post-NASA sensibility to come up with the sort of hard-boiled sf plot that you'd never expect anyone to seriously attempt, let alone succeed at so convincingly: a credible near-future space adventure involving corporate warfare at a Martian settlement; and a breezy, terrific read

—Robert Morales

From sf's Stone Age into its present period of popularity, **Jack Williamson** has been there, apprentice, journeyman, master craftsman. In **Wonder's Child: My Life in Science Fiction** (Bluejay) Williamson provides an overview of his career that is certainly affable and readable, but not very revelatory in its insights into sf's history (in the manner of Damon Knight's The Futurians or Samuel Delany's collected essays, for example). Wonder's Child's value lies instead in Williamson's recounting of his first quarter century or so—a vivid picture of the Old West dissolving into the twentieth century

—Robert Morales

BABYLON

James Dean was nicknamed "the human ashtray" by some of his sexual playmates. "Rosebud" was not a sled, but a reference to a part of Marion Davies's anatomy. Tennis star "Big Bill" Tilden's mother called him "June" until he was eighteen. And Lionel Atwill let his wife move out rather than displace the fifteen-foot python from his bed.

They're all here in **Kenneth Anger**'s alternately delightful and nauseating ***Hollywood Babylon II*** (Dutton)—the good, the bad, and the perverted. Some of the revelations are visual—such as a wonderful shot of "Highway Patrol" tough cop Broderick Crawford in drag—and many are certainly apocryphal. But don't let's be picky. You *have* to love a book about Hollywood that begins with the salutation "Go fuck thy Suffering Self!"

—Michael S. Barson

Photo © 1985 Atlantic Releasing Corp

Sleaze-queen Mary Woronov ain't telling how she got all those parts.

THE METAL PROJECTOR

Did we speak too soon about the lack of support for *The Terminator*? Little did we know that there was already talk of the upcoming $12 million ***The Terminator II*** **Arnold Schwarzenegger** will stay on for the new, improved *Terminator*, as will the original team of director-writer **James Cameron**, executive producers John Daly and Derek Gibson, and producer-writer Gale Anne Hurd. Whether this will be released before or after Cameron's *Alien II* at Fox is still up in the air. . . . **Mary Woronov**, hilariously ruthless in *Eating Raoul* and *Night of the Comet*, will next be seen in two films especially suited to her talents. Mary is first a sadomasochistic punk alien leader (with "Remington Steele"'s Pierce Brosnan) in *Nomads*. Mary also gets to conduct bizarre experiments on female inmates and look the botched jobs in her basement in ***Hellhole***. You can't say that Mary hasn't trained devotedly for these parts. . . . Did **Chris Columbus** think it would be easy tagging along with Steven Spielberg? The latter's yearly celluloid picnic has replaced Memorial Day in the hearts of Americans as the kickoff to summer. Columbus barely finished writing Spielberg's June '85 ***Goonies*** (just finished shooting in Oregon with *Super*-director **Richard Donner** and Indiana Jones's sidekick Ke Huy Huan) before starting the script for ***Young Sherlock Holmes*** for "little Stevie wonder" at Paramount. The August movie drops in on Holmes and Watson at age sixteen, enrolled in boarding school, and features lots of trademark S. S. effects. And then there's Spielberg's $15 million ***Back to the Future***, from *Romancing the Stone*'s **Robert Zemeckis**, currently in production and now scheduled for release June 21. Special effects are guaranteed to figure prominently in this story of time travel, with our central character actually running into his own parents somewhere in the past. . . . The British filmmakers of ***1984*** are *not* happy with Virgin Films sticking a new soundtrack by **Eurythmics** onto the film, making it a toe-tapping traipse into totalitarianism. The soundtrack album is a smash in England and will undoubtedly attract the kiddies to the Orwell saga, but the filmmakers want to talk about artistic integrity. The Eurythmics contend that director Radford was fully aware of their participation from the beginning. What would Big Brother say? Virgin doesn't care. They say *Grow up*, it's *commercial*. . . . On the subject of movie studios, there have been enough damned press releases on ***Dune*** to anchor down the next Columbia space shuttle. But at year's end, when we hoped to put it behind us, Universal declined to screen it for anyone outside select daily newspaper reviewers (and they were forbidden to bring a companion). Disgruntled rejected journalists wound up paying five bucks to see it, even though they probably spent more time plugging *Dune* in the past year than playing with their own children. Thus, "the most eagerly awaited science fiction event of the year" finally came to us in the form of the most uninspired, tasteless publicity stunt of the decade. . . . As part of his huge new deal with MGM/UA, **Dino De Laurentiis** is aiding and abetting two of the most downtrodden directors of our time. De Laurentiis is sheltering **Roman Polanski**, currently shooting in Tunisia (one of the few countries that wouldn't imprison him). The movie is ***Pirates***, and Polanski's star is **Walter Matthau**. De Laurentiis's other partner in crime is **Michael Cimino**, who, in view of *Heaven's Gate*, must be tickled pink that a producer in this day and age could be dumb enough to give him enough money to reconstruct New York City's Chinatown in the heart of North Carolina. Other New York sets for ***Year of the Dragon*** will be reconstructed in Vancouver, B.C. Did it occur to anyone to shoot it in New York?. . . **John Landis**'s ***Clue***, based on the board game, has shifted studios and is probably not in the immediate future, but his ***Into the Night***, with Jeff Goldblum, Michele Pfeiffer, and Richard Farnsworth, is coming next month. We're told that Landis owes a lot to Hitchcock in this one. . . . **David Geffen**'s production company, propelled by the bucks from *Risky Business*, has a release schedule to rival anyone around. For starters, Geffen's got the new **Martin Scorsese** picture ***After Hours***, a comic horror shot in New York's Soho, starring *American Werewolf*'s Griffin Dunne, Catherine O'Hara, Teri Garr, Roseanna Arquette (also coming in *Desperately Seeking Susan*), *Chud*'s John Heard, and Cheech and Chong. Also due from Geffen are the new **Albert Brooks** comedy ***Lost in America***, ***Little Shop of Horrors*** (finally?), and the long-awaited, signed-sealed-and-delivered movie contract with this singer who got his start with a family act and had a moderately successful album called *Thriller* last year. Sorry, we'd rather read another press release on *Dune* than write Pipsqueak's name once more.

—Steven Maloff and Ed Naha

My Talk with Louis:

An Interview with Louis Malle

Making it in Hollywood is a fantasy shared by practically every filmmaker in the world, but few manage to cross the cultural barrier. In the last decade, the list included only three names: Milos Forman, Roman Polanski, and Louis Malle, who left his native France in 1977 to make *Pretty Baby* in the U.S.

With his fifth American film scheduled for release this May, Malle is clearly here to stay. Even if his films did not have the mass audience he was used to in France, where such movies as *Murmur of the Heart*, *The Lovers*, *Lacombe Lucien* broke house records just as they won critical raves—he *has* made a dent on the American film scene. His new effort, *Alamo Bay*, about the travails of Vietnamese immigrants to the U.S , stars Ed Harris and Amy Madigan and was written by Alice Arlen (*Silkwood*). It is bound to be provocative and, hopefully, controversial.

This may well delight the shy, wiry, fifty-two-year-old director, whose reputation as one of the pillars of the French New Wave was based not only on his consistently innovative, relentlessly experimental filmmaking, but on his determination to take nothing for granted, to disconcert a usually complacent audience. Society, whose very foundations he kept questioning, found his films shocking, even scandalous. In *The Lovers*, a 1958 picture that made Jeanne Moreau a star and which the late François Truffaut, then a critic, termed "the first night of love in the cinema," he refused to condemn a woman for choosing a sexual adventure with a stranger over the security of a stale marriage. In *Murmur of the Heart*, he delineated with humor and wit the incestuous relationship between a mother and her teenage son—"it was a send-up of the Oedipus situation," as Malle himself put it. And in *Lacombe Lucien*, he focused his lenses on a young collaborator and his affair with a Jewish girl in German-occupied France.

If his characters retain an enigmatic edge, Malle the man isn't easy to pin down either. Intensely passionate, he tends to speak of himself with a measure of self-deprecation. And yet he's aware of his importance. He is alert and curious, but his eyes often shift away from a visitor so as not to reveal too much: his penchant for ellipsis, so evident in his work, is also part and parcel of his character. He hunches forward in his chair in an office in Manhattan, never relaxing fully. He is not

from **Alamo Bay**

exactly exuberant but, as Philippe Noiret, who appeared in his *Zazie*, once said, "His constant reserve hides a warmth much more precious than the false cordiality so common today."

Like his characters, Malle is a loner. He never belonged to the New Wave clique of Godard and Truffaut, nor did he take part in the ardent discussions they used to lead. Instead, he preferred to sneak into movie houses "like a thief—the cinema is a solitary art and pleasure." Even today, married to actress Candice Bergen and living in Manhattan, he has resisted becoming a celebrity. His personal life has not become a topic for gossip columnists. Even if he introduced Brooke Shields to American audiences and made a star of Susan Sarandon in *Atlantic City*, the man's primary concern was not the creation of feminine vogues but his craft.

"He's a man in search of himself," Sarandon, with whom he was involved for three years, has said. "He makes his own world and tries to figure out exactly what that world is. Usually people stop looking by the time they're his age—it's to his credit that he's still so curious."

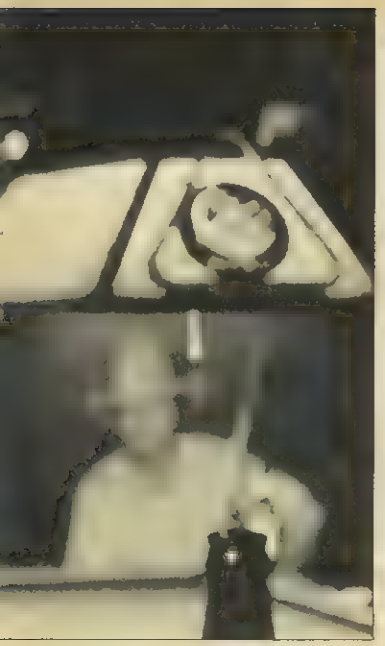
The son of sugar heiress Françoise Beghin Malle, he ran away from home at seventeen, replacing the rigid Catholicism imposed on him with filmmaking. At nineteen, he co-directed with Jacques-Yves Cousteau the classic of underwater photography, *The World of Silence* (1956) and also worked as assistant to Robert Bresson on *A Man Escaped* and as cameraman on Jacques Tati's *Mon Oncle*. He later acknowledged these *éminences grises* as the main influences on him, the former is eloquently somber, the latter somberly comic.

Dan Yakir

HM: You've been living and working in America for seven years now. Do you feel different about it now than you did then?
LM: Not really. I'm still fascinated and sometimes irritated by it, by the very intriguing mixture of mass culture patterns that I see in it. When I went to New Orleans to shoot *Pretty Baby*, it seemed to me that the suburbs there weren't any different from those in Chicago or Seattle.

"I have to keep a part of my life open to unexpected encounters."

There's this very strong and uniform "fast food culture" or "the blue jeans culture" on the one hand, and on the other there's an incredible diversity. I've spent a lot of time here and I feel I know the place, but at the same time I'm aware of the fact that my background is very different, which makes me look at America from a certain distance and maybe from a slightly distorted angle, helping me notice the contradictions inherent in the place. It's the privilege of being an outsider, although if you're too much so, you risk not seeing what's going on or ending up with clichés.
HM: Do you still feel like an outsider?
LM: I suppose so. I'm a very curious observer and what keeps me motivated, what whets my appetite, is the process of trying to sort out the difference between America and Europe. When my curiosity starts declining, I'll have to decide whether to become a U.S. citizen or pack and go back to Europe. I don't know which way I'll go, but I sense that there will be a moment when I'll just stop being a foreigner. I might consider staying here even if I eventually stopped making films, because I couldn't work without curiosity. On the other hand, I'm perfectly happy here.
HM: What would you do if you didn't make films?
LM: I suppose I would write.
HM: Why did you decide to come to America in the first place?
LM: Because I was stuck in France, in terms of my work. I'm not saying that European culture is on the decline, but I think that there are more things going on here. The audience in Europe is disillusioned and rejects anything that provokes one to think or that makes one uncomfortable. Here society is much more flexible, open. For me, New York is by far the capital of the world in terms of creativity.
HM: How did the French react to your "defection"?
LM: In the beginning, they thought it was just a flirtation and they were irritated, but they found out it was a true love story and I feel they've written me off. When I was there for the opening of *Atlantic City*, the interviewer for *Le Figaro* opened his article with the words "Louis Malle still speaks



French." This is their attitude Anger and resentment. The French take for granted that if you have a choice, there's nothing better than France.

HM: And how did Hollywood welcome you? Was filmmaking here compatible with your style and temperament?

LM: The movie industry in this country is totally mass-oriented. I have nothing against blockbusters and I would love to have a huge hit, but I disagree with the notion that if you don't have a blockbuster you're nothing. The industry follows recipes and clichés borrowed from American television, which, to say the least, sometimes is in very poor taste. When they have a film which is a little bit different and doesn't quite address everybody, they don't know what to do with it.

The pictures I made in this country were marginal for the most part: with *Pretty Baby*, they let me go to New Orleans for four months and forgot about me. *Atlantic City* was a Canadian tax-shelter deal. On *Crackers*, which I made for Universal, I often felt there was a heavy, industrial approach on the shoot. I'm not used to that. I'm used to working lighter, faster. On the sound stages at Universal, there were twenty productions going on at the same time—it was like a factory. I'm not used to having many people on the set. I like to take chances. A couple of times, I felt very nervous. I didn't feel the excitement that I like to feel and that I have always felt.

HM: Does that mean that you've had to compromise?

LM: The cinema is the art of compromise and there are no exceptions to the rule. Everybody will tell you that, if they're honest, from Renoir to all the American directors. I'm one of the few who compromised very little, almost for technical reasons, because, like other members of the New Wave, I was lucky enough. The first pictures of directors like Godard, Truffaut, Chabrol, and me were very successful, so they gave us a free hand. If you're successful, everyone thinks you're beautiful, a genius. A number of New Wave directors ran into trouble very quickly because they couldn't sustain their commercial success. I was lucky. I managed to be my own producer almost all the way through, which gave me freedom just as it imposed budgetary limitations on me. I don't intend to compromise. I prefer to take risks.

HM: It seems to me that this is precisely what you've been doing so far. In terms of style, each of your films is different, a departure.

LM: It's very easy for me to fit into the auteur theory, to make films that will be immediately recognizable as mine. That's a temptation I've been trying to resist. I hate to repeat myself. I like to provoke the audience, to force people to rethink a number of things they've taken for granted.

HM: Where does this need come from?

LM: We live in a world of formulas, of brainwashing—the world of mass media. If I have a function, it's to make people worry about the ready-made thinking they deal with. This sounds a little pompous perhaps, but the function of art is to create a little curiosity, to ask questions. The art form of our civilization is advertising. People get answers all the time: "This is the Truth!" or "This detergent is the Best!" It's not surprising that a lot of artists are using it as a metaphor, as a statement about the self-destructive period in which we live. People like Andy Warhol used advertising—the fact that it has corrupted every moment of our lives . . . I don't stand for that. I believe we have to

"We live in a world of formulas, of brainwashing—the world of mass media."

put ourselves to the side, look at society and ask certain questions.

HM: But you never offer answers.

LM: If you go to India and spend ten years with a guru, he'll never tell you the answer. There is no such thing as an answer—it's for you to figure out for yourself. And you find out that there is no answer. At a certain point in one's level of wisdom, this is enough. When you get to the point where the answer is the question, you've succeeded. But I suppose I've been influenced by India all along without even noticing it. What I like about it is that it's a country devoid of preconceived ideas about anything. It's completely irrational and, in that sense, very much on the side of life and really what our biological being is all about, rather than forcing ourselves to do things we shouldn't do just for the benefit of security, wealth, or a longer life span. Claude Lévi-Strauss said, "The only two goals of Western society are the augmentation of the GNP and having a longer life." It's not a very exciting society. So I suppose my films are often about people who realize that and are in a moment of crisis and usually get stuck, because it's difficult to escape

HM: In your early pictures, your characters reach total despair and sometimes end up dead.

LM: Yes. I've changed my point of view about death. When I was younger, I was very influenced by my Christian background and death seemed something horrible—the cessation of life. In our religion, there's a lot of blackmail about death that you have to deal with. People behave in a certain way, thinking that whatever happens after death is terrifying. Now I think that death is something quite natural and we shouldn't look at it with anger or fear. I'm quite prepared to die. I'm happy to live, I have things to do, but I'm not worried about death. In some of my early pictures, death was a dramatic element. Now I look at it as a part of life. I'm more influenced by this cyclical vision of time, which is a basic Indian notion.

HM: And now your films are less pessimistic?

LM: Maybe they're not exactly optimistic, but the characters at least accept their fate. When I was younger, I fought against the heavy, terrible education that I received and it took me a long time to get rid of the sense of guilt, which is the absolute poison of this society. It took me years and years and it still comes back sometimes. I used to hate my pictures. For years I couldn't stand looking at them. Now I don't hate them anymore. I watch them. It's probably because I used to hate myself. Since my experience in India I realized that it was stupid—self-hate is meaningless.

HM: Why did you hate yourself? Did it have to do with your aristocratic background? And if so, was filmmaking a way of getting out of it, of rebelling?

LM: Yes. When I was eighteen, all I could think about was how to get out of this background that I was ashamed of. I felt that coming from a wealthy family was a sin. I was very puritanical about it. Of course it's absurd: you are who you are and it's nothing to be ashamed—or proud—of. Now it makes me laugh when I think of how uptight I was about it. When my first feature, *Elevator to the Gallows*, won the Prix Louis Delluc, the story was out that I was the son of a sugar heiress—I was furious. I felt that I was robbed of something. I wanted to be recognized only for what I personally was. In retrospect, my background gave me an independence of mind and means to always do what I wanted.

I've had a very weird career, because

I've always followed my curiosities without considerations about money or success. Several times I just dropped everything: I went to India for six months to shoot documentaries. I turned down prestigious offers to shoot with big stars. I was fiercely independent and had an odd relationship with the industry as a result. I've never quite played by the rules. I've always managed to do what I wanted, one way or another. And I've taken a lot of chances. When someone would tell me, "It's absurd, Louis, you can't make a film out of *that*! You're going to *destroy* yourself!", it was a great incentive for me to go ahead and do it. That was the case with *Zazie*, *Black Moon*, and *My Dinner with André*. A film about two people talking in a restaurant for two hours? Everybody told me, "But it's not a film! Have them publish it or do it on the stage." Others said, "You have to use flashbacks." I made the movie and it exists as a film. It was a movie completely outside the industry—nobody would finance it. We shot it for $500,000 and nobody got paid. I suppose had I been a Hollywood director, I wouldn't have done it.

HM: In some of your films, you've used elements such as sex and violence as liberating factors: incest in *Murmur of the Heart*, murder in *Elevator to the Gallows*, adultery in *The Lovers*, prostitution in *Pretty Baby*. . . .

LM: I'm against censorship and I think everything can be shown, but while I consider sex unimportant and harmless, violence is a different matter. I think the audience is increasingly manipulated. It's very easy to frighten people with editing, with special effects, with blood and machine guns and holes in the chest and slow and fast motion. I find all of these clichés very boring. Sex films are on their way out; they've become part of a very specialized market. But people are more and more used to violence and distributors worry if you bring them a film without violence. It's insane.

In *Pretty Baby*, I'm fond of the fact that there is not a single explicit sex scene, and that's in a film that takes place almost entirely in a whorehouse. If you deal with whores, you take for granted that the number-one activity is sex, so why show it? In my previous work, I had to deal with explicit material: the lovemaking scene in the tub in *The Lovers*, which was so shocking in those days, was essential because through it you saw the transformation of that woman, played by Jeanne Moreau. I couldn't pan to the window.

In that film, sex and adultery offered liberation from a stale, lifeless marriage. But I've changed my mind about what freedom is about. When I was younger, I thought there should be no social restrictions and that society was imposing and had to be fought against. The characters in my first films were very romantic in the sense that they were fighting society at all cost and it would usually end up in death or loneliness. They were completely separate from the rest of the herd. But now it seems to me that you have to find freedom inside. Social pressure is something you want to do without, but the pressures are finally more inside than outside.

HM: You once described your characters as marginal.

LM: If they aren't, they become marginal at some point in the story. In this society, unlike in India, it's very difficult to be a dropout—there's a subtle process aimed at restoring marginals to the mainstream. *The Thief of Paris* was very much a story about a man who puts himself outside and becomes a rebel, a thief—he's fighting society—and then he becomes bourgeois, a successful businessman who joins the establishment. When I made it, I felt that it was my own story as well: I started life very aggressively, wanted to change society, make films and fight, and I realized that if I continued in that vein, I was going to enter the Académie Française and become an official artist. So I decide to break the pattern, stop making fiction films for a while and go to India. I'm determined never to let my motivation be the same as that of the people I'm dealing with. I feel very strongly about my individuality.

"Behind reality there's something else, and we're looking for it."

HM: In *Crackers* you show the solidarity among marginal characters of different racial origins. Isn't this a bit idealized?

LM: Yes, but it's idealized because it's stylized: it was an attempt to assemble an improbable bunch of characters in San Francisco's Mission District and show the evolution of their relationships and friendships in a comic way. I discovered there a strong sense of community and friendship: these Latinos, Irish, blacks learned to live together and got even closer during the economic crisis of 1982–83. They are borderline stereotypes, such as the black pimp, but when you see him constantly carrying his child around . . . I love these characters. They have dignity and aren't at all vulgar. If I were to describe vulgarity in America, I would probably make a picture about corporate life and executives . . . that's where I find real vulgarity.

HM: If *Crackers* is about what America should be but isn't, perhaps your new film, *Alamo Bay*, is about what it shouldn't be but is?

LM: The two aren't entirely different, but *Alamo Bay* isn't a comedy. It's about Vietnamese immigrants who move into a little town in Texas. They're at the bottom of the social ladder, but the locals consider them a threat to their economic survival and war starts out. It's really because of a

Sonia Moskowitz

communication gap. there are cultural differences and dual incomprehension They are new and everything new is threatening. The film gets very violent -- it's about the violence which is always under the surface here.

HM: What appealed to you about this story?

LM: This country is made up of immigrants and I wanted to tell about the last wave of immigrants, the problems they have and the violence they face before melting in the pot. It's an interesting character study without good vs. bad guys. Obviously, the Vietnamese are victims of discrimination and violence, but the Anglos aren't dealt with as monsters. I don't know how to do that

HM: Most of the films you made in France contain a fascination with adolescence and the rite of passage into adulthood. Why is this important to you?

LM: I'm interested in characters on the verge of a crucial moment, a crisis, just before their moment of truth And to me adolescence is maybe *the* moment of truth of a lifetime

Today, society is much less stable than it was in the Middle Ages. Now things change more over a period of twenty years than they used to in five centuries. In periods of slow change, children were provided with a moment to experiment. Up to the twentieth century, if you were the son of a peasant, you would become a peasant yourself. Artisans would go on tours around the country to learn their trade· society found it necesary to provide adolescents with a moment to experiment before they were to return to it as members. Today the cut is much more abrupt and traumatic.

In my case, the years between twelve and fifteen were absolutely crucial. There were two central events in my youth. One was the war: in 1944, when I was eleven, and a lot of traumatic things happened to me and I remember that period vividly—more so than the rest of the 1940s and 1950s Then I had a heart murmur, which necessitated that I stay at home and work on my own. I was alone, reading a lot. It was difficult, because I was supposed to be sick and didn't know what would become of me. I was not supposed to do any physical activity. I was very sheltered. So I started looking around me, curiously. Obviously I'm interested in that period.

And when you become an adult, you discover corruption: the importance of money, of social structures, the inability to achieve what one wants, and the fact that, for all these reasons, every adult has a double language. You have to compromise, say things you don't really mean, deal with hypocrisy.

HM: A bedridden boy with flights of fantasy. . . .

LM: Yes, and it comes up in my films. In *Viva Maria*, for example, I attempted a parody on adventure films; two girls going through Central America and getting involved in the Revolution. It's an homage to children's literature, an attempt to reinvent the amazement of my childhood. *Black Moon* is like that, too: the idea that the world doesn't exist, that reality is a dream. It's structured like a myth and is a direct reference to the *Ramayana*.

HM: How do you come up with projects?

LM: It usually starts with one or more images. Something like a photograph, a shape; it's never an abstract notion, a thematic consideration. *Pretty Baby* started with the vision of that little girl in the middle of the "action," at night, going down the staircase of the whorehouse with her hand on the banister. It's very naive, but I had that image in my head for a long time. *Zazie* was this tiny little girl in the middle of the Parisian traffic, looking around and getting in trouble with every possible adult. And *Black Moon* started with the image of the old lady in bed: it was a fantasy about a woman being almost immortal and ruling the world from this bed, communicating via a weird radio system. And also the old convention of the fairy tale: the little girl walking alone in the landscape and entering the empty house.

"If I were to describe vulgarity in America, I would probably make a picture about corporate life and executives...."

Do you like Lewis Carroll?

Oh, yes. He certainly influenced me Many times I was tempted to deal with *Alice in Wonderland* in a more obvious way than I had done in films like *Zazie* and *Black Moon*. But I don't think I'll do justice to my interest in him and his writing just by filming one of his books. There's a very interesting one called *Sylvie and Bruno* It's a world which is totally double-faced. There are several levels. the real, the dream. world of these children, and how they invent the people surrounding them in a completely different way. I'm very turned on by this way of looking at the world--- that behind reality there's something else, and we're looking for it.

HM: And where do you draw the line between art and life?

LM: When I work, I work. I'm totally concentrated and have no private life. But in between films, I try to live my life. For me life is more important than films, which is why I've made so few pictures. I envy—and at the same time I don't—directors who make two pictures a year, who never stop· because I know what's going on with them. They cut themselves completely from the real world and live in the fictitious world of studios, crews, distributors, and deals, and it's a very small world; there's no light in it. What I'm trying to do—and it slows me down a lot—is take time between films. I have to keep a part of my life open to unexpected encounters.

CHAIN MAIL

Hello. *HM:*

Just read the Tanith Lee interview (November) and enjoyed it tremendously. I agree with her about vampires being parasites on society—there's no need for them. But carrying a grudge: I say it's time to blow away the evils that spoil our society. And thank goodness that "there are more people who know how to read than know how to fence." *(Is that so you can blow them away easier?—ls)*

Alex Schetko
Raleigh, NC

Dear *HM.*

While I've never cared for Tin Tin, Joost Swarte's spin-off style's a delight ("A Second Babel," November, and "Enslaved by the Needle," December), and Torres's blend with Eneg is also pleasing ("Triton") "The Hunting Party" has been rather amazing—a talking heads story that maintained interest—but it's now starting to drag. Good to see Schuiten back in his own terrain after the tedious "The Railways."

I'm also very glad Manara's "Author in Search . . ." is finally going to be in *HM.* Though I have most of his output from the last eight years (viewing him as Europe's best writer-artist), my French is weak and my Italian nonexistent. It'll be interesting to see the U.S. response—*HM*'s readers are in for an interesting seven months with Guiseppe Bergman on his first adventure.

I hated the text pieces in their first incarnation, but a fair percentage of the current run has been of interest However, I wish reviews, interviews, back issue ads, etc. could be put on the rough stock paper, leaving the slick for the art. *(Notice anything new in that department?—ls)*

In response to the November Chain Mail. How heartening it must be to read letters written by your fans, and then to wonder if their vocabularies and perceptions are representative of all those one appeals to. Actually, the heavy metal fans I know are bright—and consider Motley Crue to be wimps whose tough guy poses are ludicrous.

Patrick Cosgrove
Van Nuys, CA

Dear Lanthanides

Once again I feel obliged to take crayon in hand and write to you, this time concerning the poor quality of the Russian calligraphy in "The Hunting Party." The only reason I buy *HM* is to brush up on my Russian, but there is little point if a bunch of neo-bourgeois capitalist lackeys have rendered it unintelligible.

(some undecipherable Cyrillic scribbling)
Memphis, TN

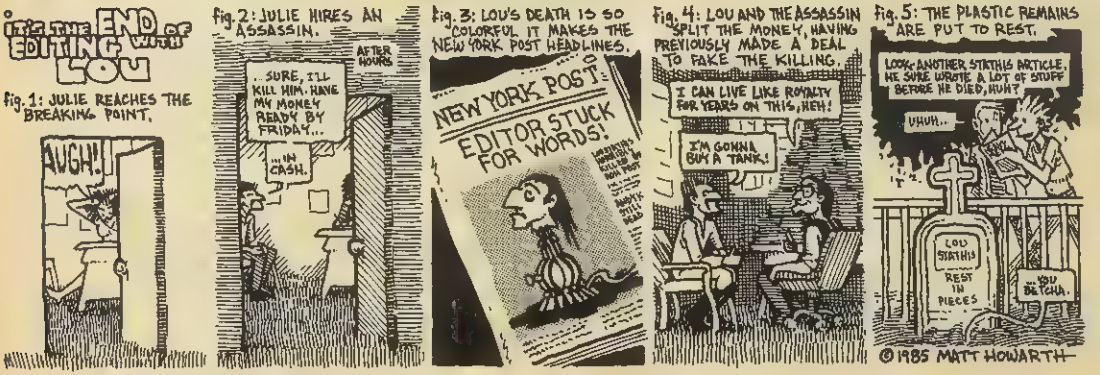
Dear Lou:

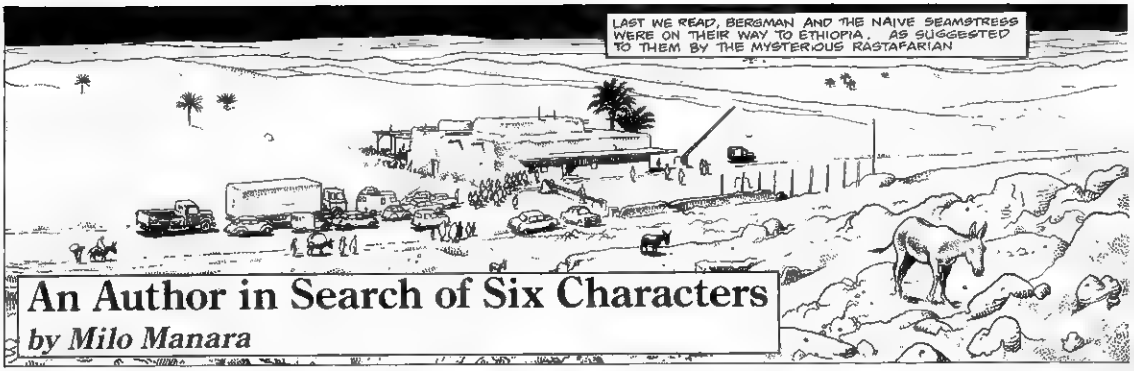
You really do suffer some two-faced readers (lookers?) complaining about the content of *HM*—a prime example being D. Regen (August Chain Mail) who, in one breath, says good riddance to "Ranxerox," get rid of "Salammbo," "El Borbah," etc., and, without so much as choking on his words, says, "Keep on stretching our imaginations as only *HM* can." May I take this opportunity to remind some people that on the front cover of *every* issue of *HM* is the word "Illustrated." I wonder if Regen has seen the marvelous maturing of style in the illustration of Druillet? (One of those he wants to throw out.) Along the same lines, if he could keep his eyes off the T&A for just a moment, he might notice things like Richard Corben pulling focus on paper! (About the only artist I've ever seen do this, and in full color!) From his letter to you, Regen obviously likes "realism" in illustration—so, as a service to him, why don't you dig up Norman Rockwell to do a full-blown, four-color "El Borbah"? It becomes an interesting exercise to imagine the direction a publication like *HM* might take with characters like Regen at the helm. No doubt the cry "Full steam ahead" would ring out from the gallant crew on the bridge, even though the rocks dead ahead were clearly visible.

To use the old (but true) line: keep up the good work (and suffer the two-faced with compassion).

Terry Fowler
Roseville, New South Wales, Australia

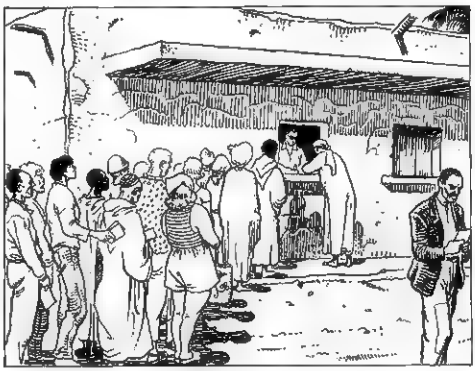
(Thanks for the good words, Terry, but actually I plan to suffer the two-faced not at all anymore—I'm hanging up my spikes as an editor and reader-impaler. It's been fun, but greater things beckon. I'll be moving back to the bachelor writer's quarters and leaving the ecstasies of editing Dossier and Chain Mail to Steven Maloff. But I will continue to write in the off-colored pages of Dossier.—ls)


IT'S THE END OF EDITING WITH LOU
Fig. 1: JULIE REACHES THE BREAKING POINT.
AUGH!
Fig. 2: JULIE HIRES AN ASSASSIN.
AFTER HOURS
..SURE, I'LL KILL HIM. HAVE MY MONEY READY BY FRIDAY...
...IN CASH.
Fig. 3: LOU'S DEATH IS SO COLORFUL IT MAKES THE NEW YORK POST HEADLINES.
NEW YORK POST
EDITOR STUCK FOR WORDS!
Fig. 4: LOU AND THE ASSASSIN SPLIT THE MONEY, HAVING PREVIOUSLY MADE A DEAL TO FAKE THE KILLING.
I CAN LIVE LIKE ROYALTY FOR YEARS ON THIS, HEH!
I'M GONNA BUY A TANK!
Fig. 5: THE PLASTIC REMAINS ARE PUT TO REST.
LOOK, ANOTHER STATHIS ARTICLE. HE SURE WROTE A LOT OF STUFF BEFORE HE DIED, HUH?
UHUH..
LOU STATHIS
REST IN PIECES
...YOU BITCH.
©1985 MATT HOWARTH


LAST WE READ, BERGMAN AND THE NAIVE SEAMSTRESS WERE ON THEIR WAY TO ETHIOPIA. AS SUGGESTED TO THEM BY THE MYSTERIOUS RASTAFARIAN

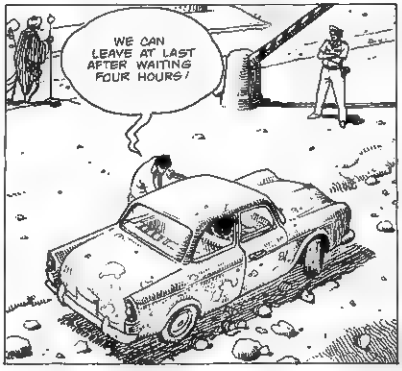
An Author in Search of Six Characters

by Milo Manara



YES, YES. I KNOW. WE THOUGHT WE COULD HEAD DIRECTLY FOR ETHIOPIA, BUT WE DIDN'T REALIZE HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE US TO GET THROUGH CUSTOMS. WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN ETHIOPIA BY NOW

HERE THESE ARE AUSTRIAN. YOU CAN KEEP THE PACK AS I WAS SAYING, I WOULD LIKE TO CROSS ALGERIA TO GET TO NIGERIA AND FROM THERE TO ETHIOPIA BY WAY OF TCHAD AND SUDAN
VERY INTERESTING. AND WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS, SIR?



ARE YOU REALLY SURE WE HAVE TO TAKE THE PLANS TO ETHIOPIA?
YES, I THINK SO
.. "I HAD, IN TRUTH, WITH DEEP, SINCERE FEELING, UNDERTAKEN TO RESTORE HIM TO HIS PRIMITIVE STATE OF SCION OF THE SUN."
WHAT'S THAT FROM?
RIMBAUD
GIOUFF GIOUFF
TOK!
WELL, THAT'S IT! NO MORE GAS, NO MORE MONEY, NO MORE NOTHING! WHAT SHALL WE DO?
LET'S TRY TO GET TO THE OASIS WE'LL DIE RIGHT HERE IF WE DON'T
MISTER!
MISTER! MISTER!
MISTER ROGERS!
MISTER! MISTER! MISTER!

THERE IS MISS DOUGH!
HOW DID THEY FOLLOW US SO FAR?
WELL, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE FAST!
MISTER!
WE HAVE TO FIND MONEY AND GAS RIGHT AWAY AND THEN RUN!
AND WHERE ARE WE GOING TO FIND THE MONEY?
COME, LET'S GO! I SAW SOME TRUCKS WITH EUROPEAN PLATES IN THE SQUARE
GOOD DAY, SIR! EXCUSE US WE WELL
I THINK THAT YOU
YOU SEE, SIR, WE ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO FIND SOME MONEY OR SOME GAS
WHAT YOU GIVE ME?
WELL.. HEM I DON'T SEE
NOBODY GIVES SOMETHING FOR NOTHING HERE!

HEY!
WHAT BALLS!
GO TO SOMEONE ELSE FOR GAS!
IT'S CRAZY! THEY'RE ALL PIGS!
DIRTY PIG!
MISTER!
ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS GO BACK TO MISS DOUGH
NO, NO! I HAVE TO FIND THE RASTAFARIAN!
WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
BUT I BET YOU, YOU'D KNOW WHAT TO DO! AM I RIGHT?
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, I WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO IF I WERE A WOMAN IT SO HAPPENS THAT IN MY PRESENT INCARNATION I'M NOT EXACTLY THE TRUCK DRIVER'S TYPE!
ARE YOU GOING TO PUSH ME STRAIGHT INTO HIS ARMS, WITH NO SECOND THOUGHTS?
I'M NOT PUSHING YOU!! I'M ONLY TELLING YOU WHAT I WOULD DO IF I WAS A WOMAN!
MISTER!
COME ON! LET'S GO FIND MISS DOUGH! THESE PLANS ARE TOO IMPORTANT... LET'S GO!
MISTER!
MISTER! MISTER!
MISTER!
WILL YOU STOP BEING A PAIN IN THE ASS, FOR GOD'S SAKE!!
MISTER! MISTER!
LOU-LOU, WHERE ARE YOU? LOU-LOU?

EUROTRANSPORT
NO MORE BLACK HAIRS! I SHAVE!
TOUMPOUMPE
OPEN IMMEDIATELY, YOU DIRTY KRAUT!
GO AWAY, BERGMAN!
YOU TAKE SMALL WALK, YA? GO!"
MISTER! MISTER!
MISTER! MISTER!

A CUP OF MINT TEA, MISTER?
I'M NOT BUYING ANYTHING!
I ONLY OFFERED SOME TEA, I DON'T WANT TO SELL!
LISTEN! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LIKE! YOU START WITH TEA AND THEN YOU NEVER LET GO! WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY HIDE IN THAT BAG? SHOW ME!
YOU'RE UNFAIR, MISTER!
HOW TALL ARE YOU, MISTER?
HOW TALL AM I? ME? WELL I DON'T KNOW ABOUT SIX FEET.. WHAT THE HELL?
I'M ABOUT FIVE THREE, MISTER
WELL! I DON'T QUITE SEE THE CONNEC-TION
THERE ARE ALSO MEN WHO MEASURE OVER SEVEN FEET AND OTHERS WHO ARE UNDER FOUR FEET
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MIDGETS, MISTER?
?
SO WE AGREE THAT BETWEEN ONE MAN AND ANOTHER, THERE CAN BE A DIFFER-ENCE IN HEIGHT OF OVER THREE FEET, RIGHT, MISTER?
IF WE TAKE THIS DIFFER-ENCE IN HEIGHT ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE SOUTH, TO THE HEART OF AFRICA, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF THE KINDS OF THINGS THAT MAY HAPPEN, MISTER?
AH AFRICA! AFRICA IS A STRANGE PLACE, MISTER! A PLACE WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!
LET'S TAKE THE PYGMIES, FOR EXAMPLE. DO YOU KNOW HOW TALL THEY ARE? OR RATHER, DO YOU KNOW HOW TALL A FEMALE PYGMY IS, MISTER?
4 FEET, 3 FEET AND 10 INCHES, 3 FEET AND 7 INCHES....
WE'RE TALKING, OF COURSE, OF *NORMAL* PYGMIES, MISTER, BUT CAN YOU ACCEPT THAT EVEN AMONG PYGMIES THERE ARE MIDGETS?
W-WELL ..
WELL, MISTER IN THIS BAG I HAVE A YOUNG WOMAN WHO IS EXACTLY 20 INCHES TALL. DO YOU WANT A CUP OF TEA NOW?
I-I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
DO YOU HAVE AN AMERICAN CIGARETTE, MISTER?

TH-THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN.
THAT'S OKAY, MISTER!
NOW, MISTER, WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL COUGHS LIKE THAT??
CONFOUND IT, MISTER! THAT COUGH WAS UNMISTAKABLY HUMAN MISTER, UNDOUBTEDLY AND TOTALLY HUMAN!! GO TO HELL!!
MISTER!
INSTEAD OF FALLING FOR THAT BUM'S STORY, MISTER, YOU SHOULD BE KEEPING AN EYE ON YOUR WIFE!
OH, IT'S YOU! THE GUY I MET AT THE CUSTOMS WINDOW.
THE BIG TRUCK IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, AND YOUR WIFE HASN'T COME OUT YET!
WHAT!! BUT I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HER!..
I CAN TAKE YOU ON MY MOTORCYCLE, IF YOU'D LIKE.
WHERE WILL WE MEET AGAIN, MISTER?
AN ADVERSE STROKE OF FATE FORCES ME TO STAY HERE FOR A WHILE, MISTER BUT IF IT IS WRITTEN THAT WE WILL SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN, THEN WE WILL!
THEY TOOK THE DESERT ROAD. I DON'T THINK WE'LL CATCH THEM, BUT WE CAN TRY!
CAN'T YOU GO A LITTLE FASTER WITH THIS OLD THING?
WHAT? WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

TO BE CONTINUED

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow" conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gouratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus. Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape. ." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S. Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kulata's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha, Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the *HM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '84: *HM*'s 1984 *fin* with a Federico Fellini interview and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberatore presents his latest, "Sax Blues." And yet another "Marlowskitz."

#95/FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's premiere director, talks about his new movie, *Razorback*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Triton" concludes.

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THE WALLS OF SAMARIS

by Schuiten

LAST WE READ FRANZ WAS DISCOVERING THE LONG SOUGHT AFTER SECRET OF SAMARIS HIS DEATH DEFYING SEARCH SHOULD SOON BE OVER

CLIC

Founded to resemble the plant, the city of Samaris grows like its namesake, free from impurities while it nourishes herself with those she will be able to capture

Samaris will have always been and will always be, just like the tide which rises every day

Never changing, yet always different, she will last forever

She will seize the images of those she has captured and will make them hers

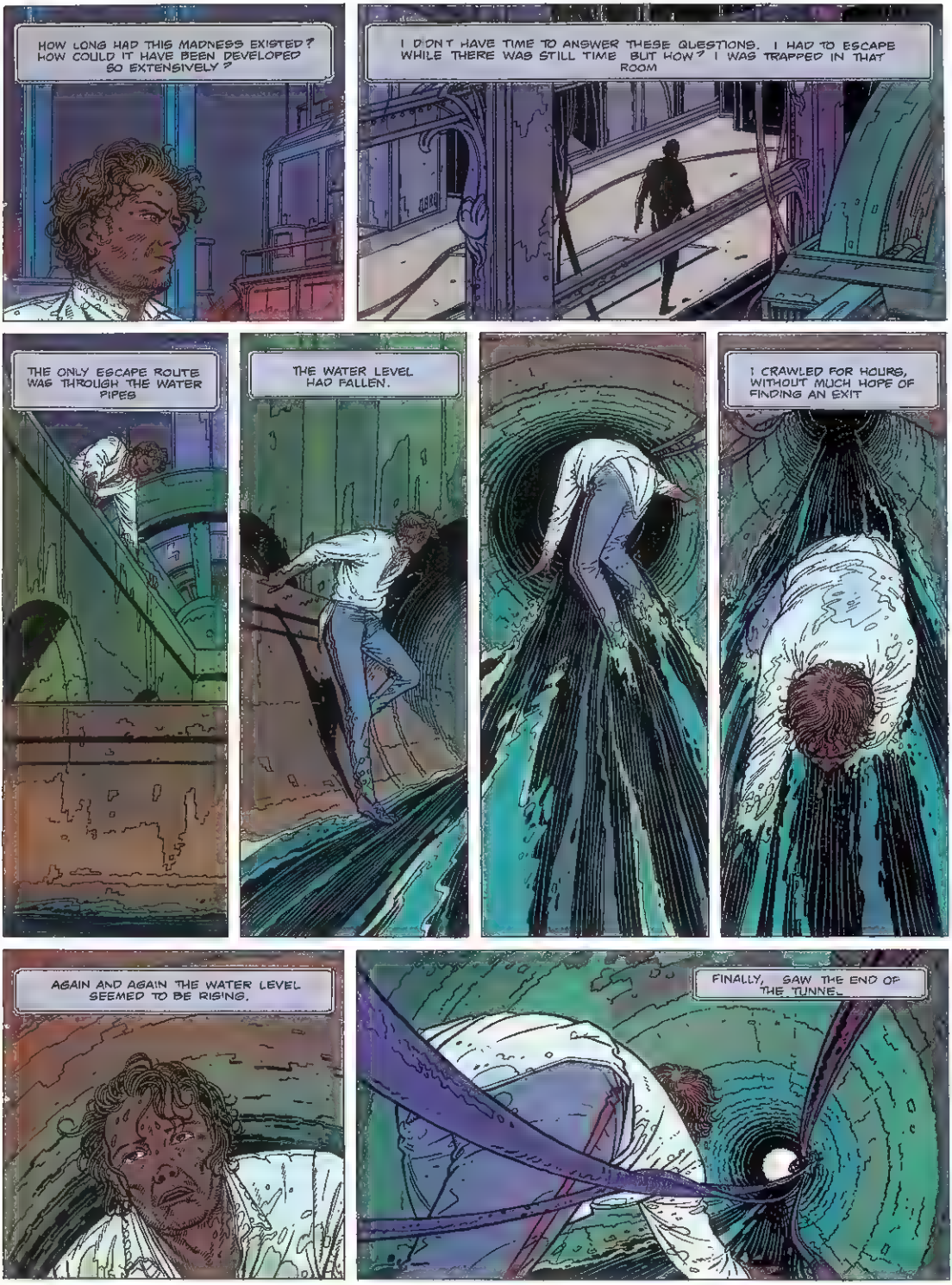
Day after day her roots will grow further and further

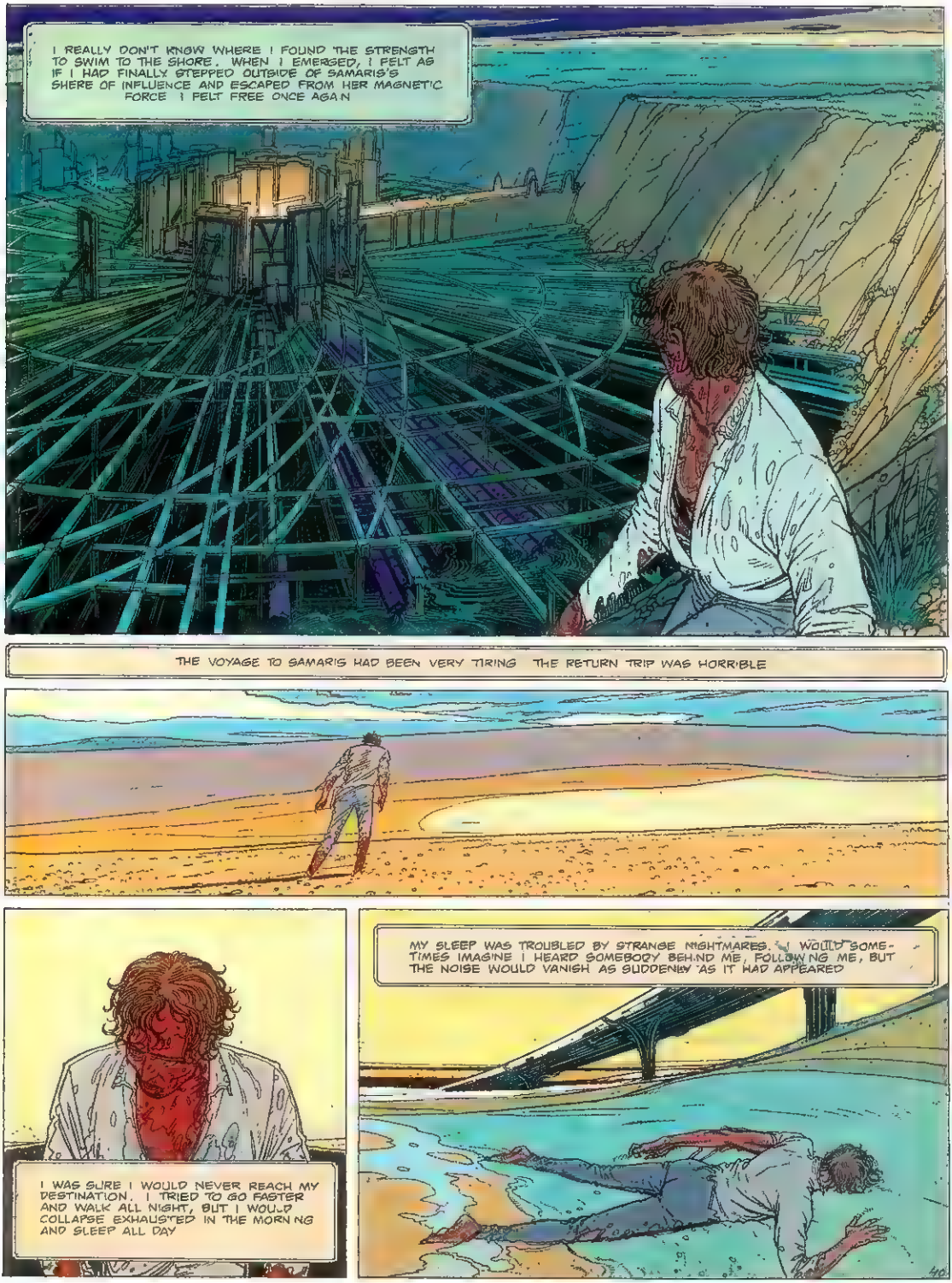
THE TEXT WAS VERY OBSCURE AND FULL OF METAPHORS ALL I UNDERSTOOD WAS THAT SAMARIS - IN ORDER TO SURVIVE - HAD TO RENEW ITS APPEARANCE CONTINUOUSLY AND DID SO BY SEIZING THE IMAGES OF THOSE SHE HAD ATTRACTED AND CAPTURED

WHAT MUMBO JUMBO!

THIS SPRAWLING CITY NEEDED AN ENDLESS ARRAY OF IMAGES, IN ORDER TO SURVIVE, *SPRAWLING* JUST LIKE THE PLANT WHICH WAS ITS SYMBOL

THIS COULD ALWAYS BE USEFUL

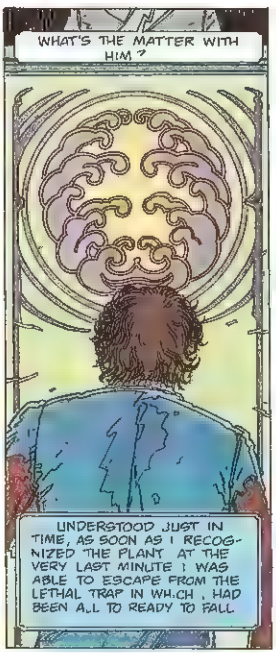

HOW LONG HAD THIS MADNESS EXISTED? HOW COULD IT HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED SO EXTENSIVELY?
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS. I HAD TO ESCAPE WHILE THERE WAS STILL TIME BUT HOW? I WAS TRAPPED IN THAT ROOM
THE ONLY ESCAPE ROUTE WAS THROUGH THE WATER PIPES
THE WATER LEVEL HAD FALLEN.
I CRAWLED FOR HOURS, WITHOUT MUCH HOPE OF FINDING AN EXIT
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE WATER LEVEL SEEMED TO BE RISING.
FINALLY, SAW THE END OF THE TUNNEL

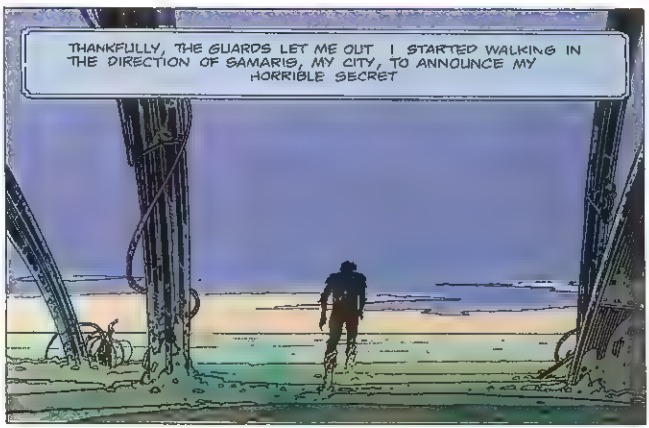

I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE I FOUND THE STRENGTH TO SWIM TO THE SHORE. WHEN I EMERGED, I FELT AS IF I HAD FINALLY STEPPED OUTSIDE OF SAMARIS'S SHERE OF INFLUENCE AND ESCAPED FROM HER MAGNETIC FORCE I FELT FREE ONCE AGAIN
THE VOYAGE TO SAMARIS HAD BEEN VERY TIRING THE RETURN TRIP WAS HORRIBLE
I WAS SURE I WOULD NEVER REACH MY DESTINATION. I TRIED TO GO FASTER AND WALK ALL NIGHT, BUT I WOULD COLLAPSE EXHAUSTED IN THE MORNING AND SLEEP ALL DAY
MY SLEEP WAS TROUBLED BY STRANGE NIGHTMARES. I WOULD SOMETIMES IMAGINE I HEARD SOMEBODY BEHIND ME, FOLLOWING ME, BUT THE NOISE WOULD VANISH AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD APPEARED

I FOLLOWED ROADS THAT I THOUGHT HAD BEEN ABANDONED A LONG TIME AGO
I DREW STRENGTH FROM THE AWARENESS OF THE IMPORTANCE OF MY MISSION
I WAS SO AFRAID OF FORGETTING MY MESSAGE THAT I KEPT REPEATING IT ALL THE TIME . XHYSTOS XHYSTOS MUST BE SAVED
FINALLY I REACHED THE CITY. IN AN HOUR, MY ADVENTURE WOULD SEEM NOTHING MORE THAN A BAD DREAM
I HAD LEFT MY PAPERS BEHIND THE GUARDS MISTOOK ME FOR A DWELLER OF THE SUBURBS
LET ME IN !! MY NAME IS FRANZ, I AM THE ENVOY FOR THE GREAT COUNCIL
FINALLY, THEY LET ME ENTER THE CITY
WHO IS HE ?
I DON'T KNOW, A BUM FOR SURE

I WENT STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE GREAT COUNCIL BUILDING.
I WASN'T ABLE TO RECOGNIZE MY SURROUNDINGS. THE CITY HAD COMPLETELY CHANGED IN THE FEW MONTHS I HAD BEEN AWAY.
HOLD IT! YOU CAN'T ENTER THIS BUILDING.
I HAVE TO SPEAK TO THE GREAT COUNCIL, I HAVE AN URGENT MESSAGE. IT IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE!
THEY DIDN'T LET ME IN. I SAT DOWN IN FRONT OF THE DOOR AND WAITED.
SURE, SURE!
THE GREAT COUNCIL HAS BETTER THINGS TO DO.
WHAT DOES HE WANT?
HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO THE COUNCIL.
HA,HA,HA,HA
HA
HA, HA, HA!
HA, HA, HA!

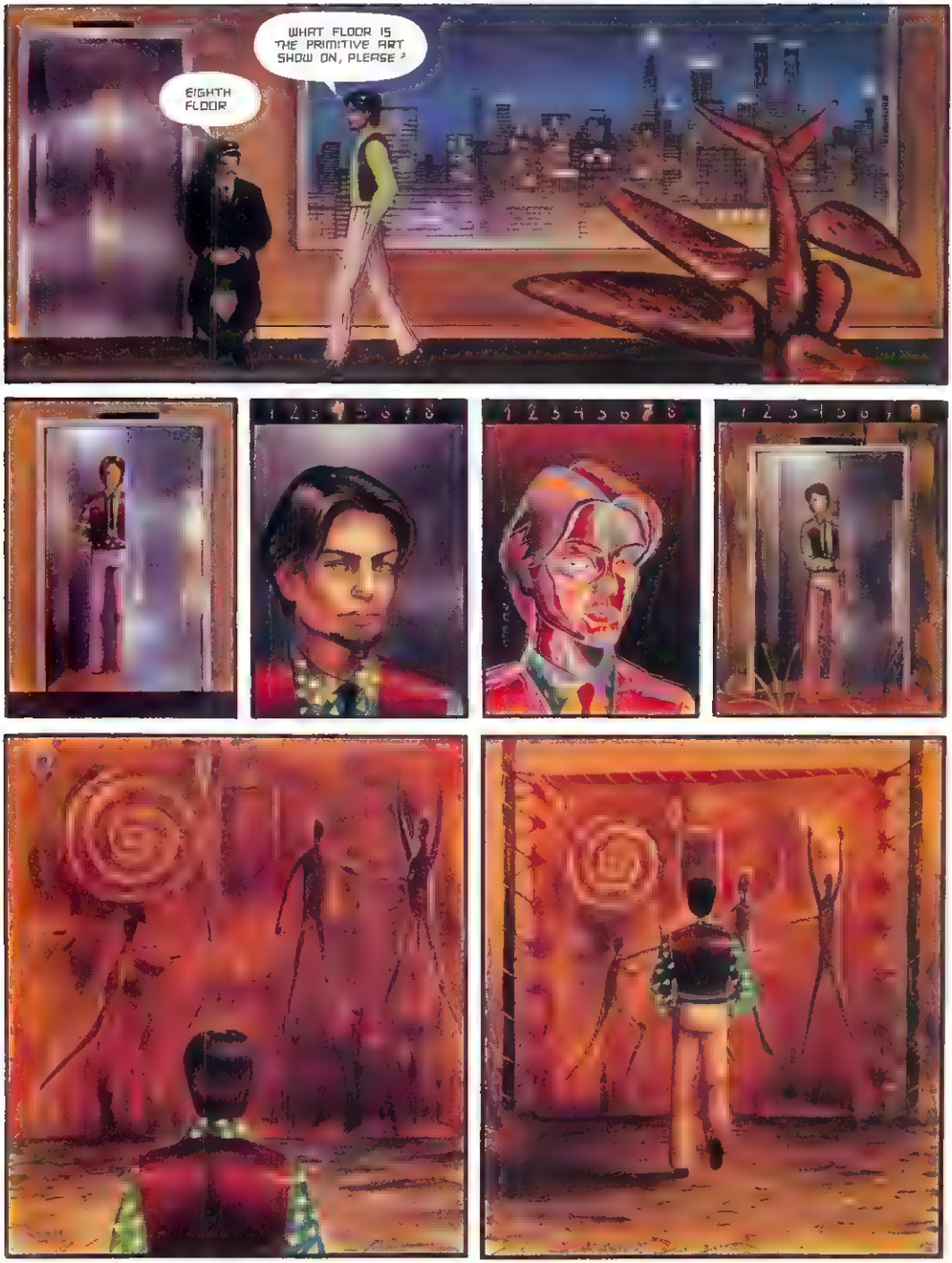
I WAITED FOR TWO WHOLE DAYS.
WELL, YOU'RE STILL HERE?
MY NAME IS FRANZ, AND I WAS SENT TO SAMARIS ON A SPECIAL MISSION.. I HAVE TO SPEAK TO THE GREAT COUNCIL.
SA SAMARIS?
COME IN, THE GREAT COUNCIL WANTS TO SEE YOU BUT MAKE IT SHORT
YOU HAVE ASKED TO SEE US... SPEAK NOW! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO TELL US?

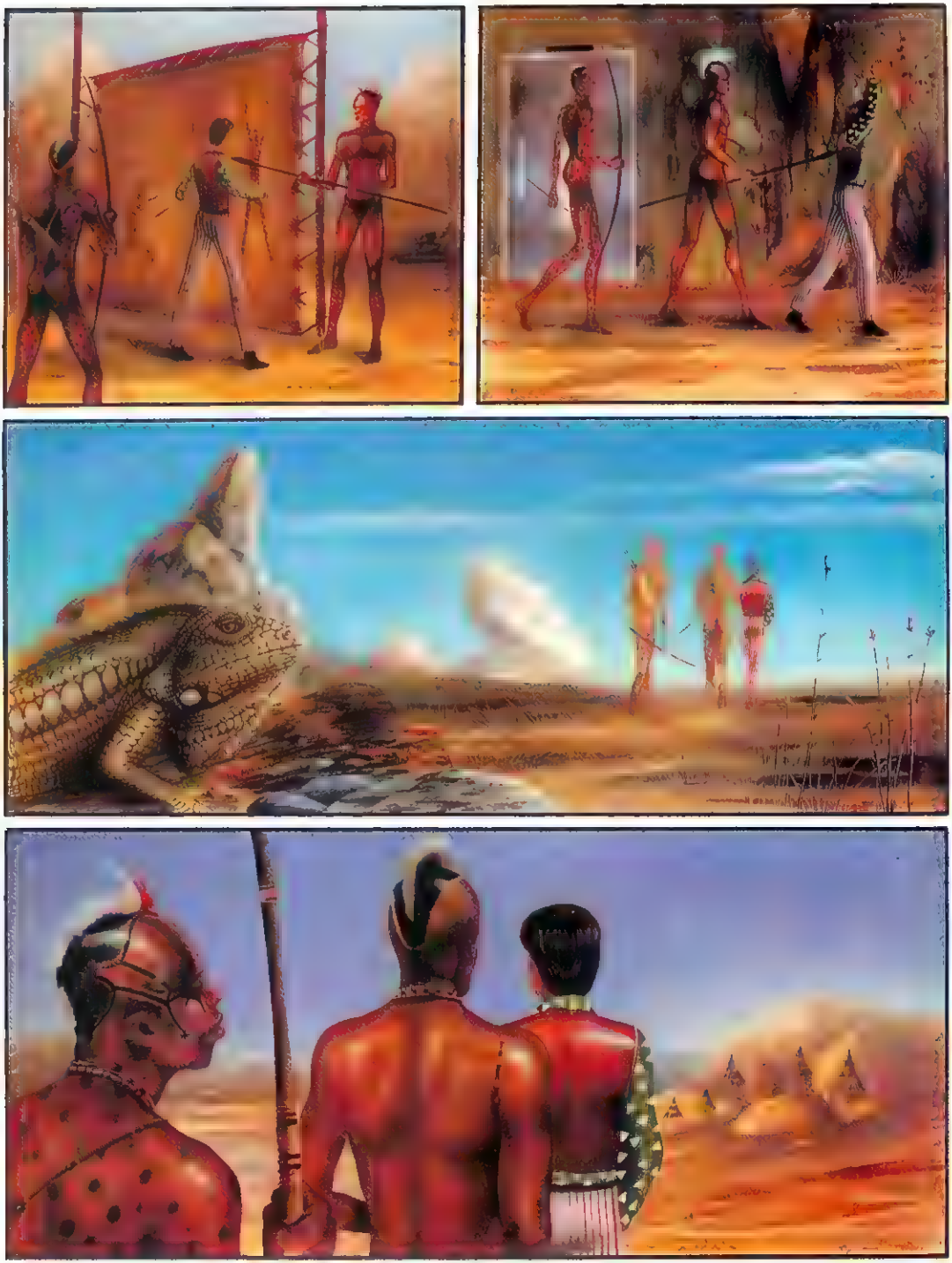

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM ?
UNDERSTOOD JUST IN TIME, AS SOON AS I RECOGNIZED THE PLANT AT THE VERY LAST MINUTE I WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE FROM THE LETHAL TRAP IN WHICH , HAD BEEN ALL TO READY TO FALL

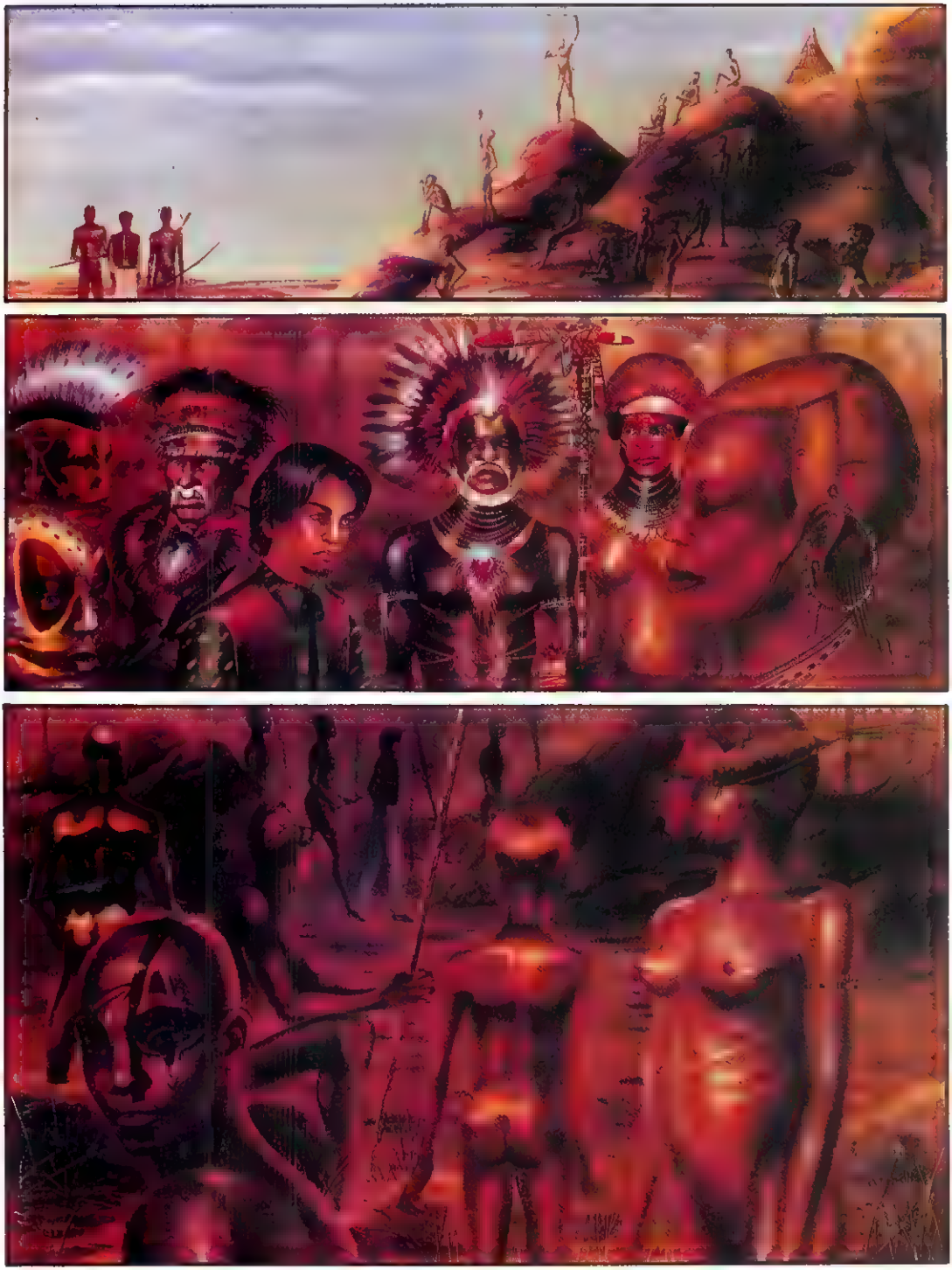


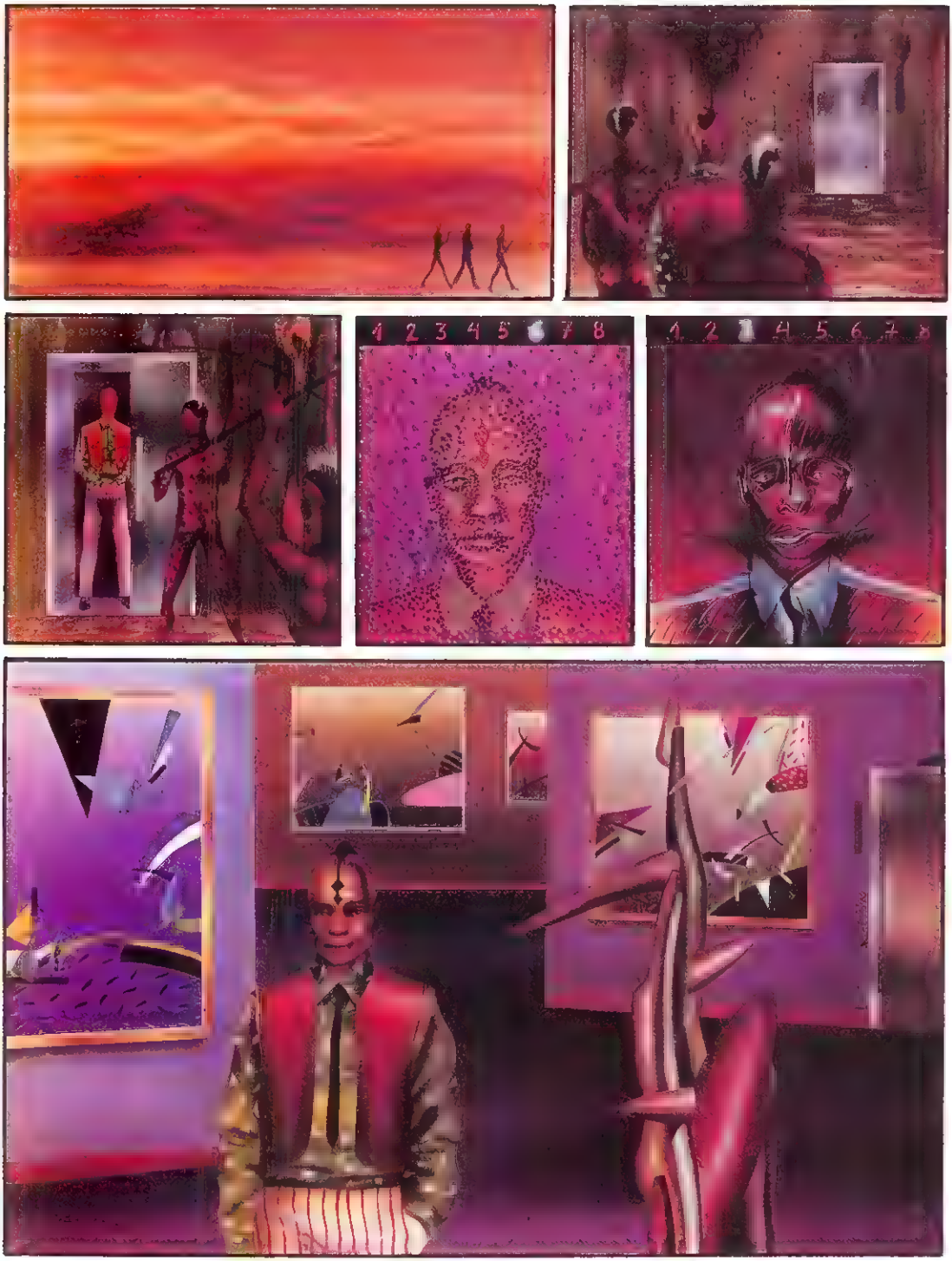
TO BE CONTINUED

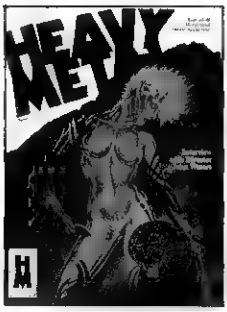
the stranger


WHAT FLOOR IS THE PRIMITIVE ART SHOW ON, PLEASE?
EIGHTH FLOOR









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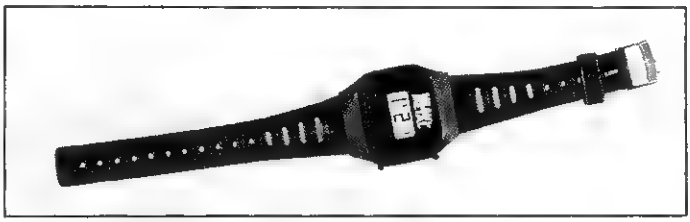

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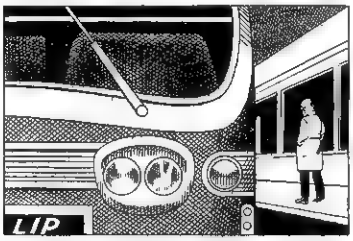
the bus

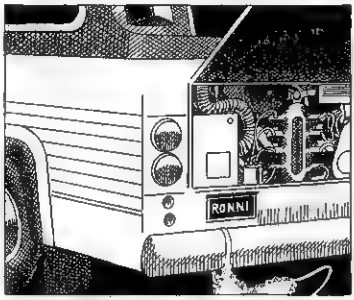
WORKING GIRL

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

CAN AN UPTOWN BUS FIND HAPPINESS ON THE STREETS OF THE BIG CITY? ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS MONTH'S BUS IS BUSY, BUSY, BUSY, BUT IN SPITE OF HER TIGHT SCHEDULE, SHE STILL FINDS TIME FOR FUN!

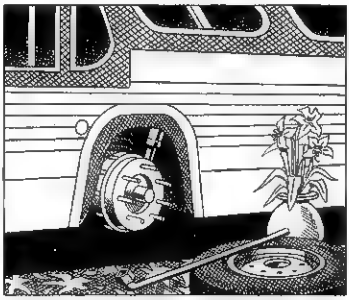


"I PICK MEN UP RIGHT OFF THE STREET SOMETIMES... I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN PAY HIS OWN WAY... WHO KNOWS WHERE HE'S GOING... LOOKS AREN'T IMPORTANT."

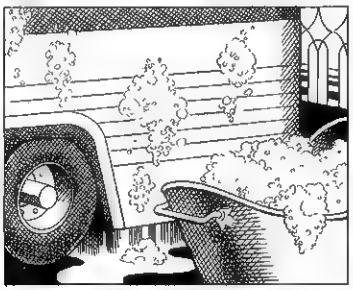


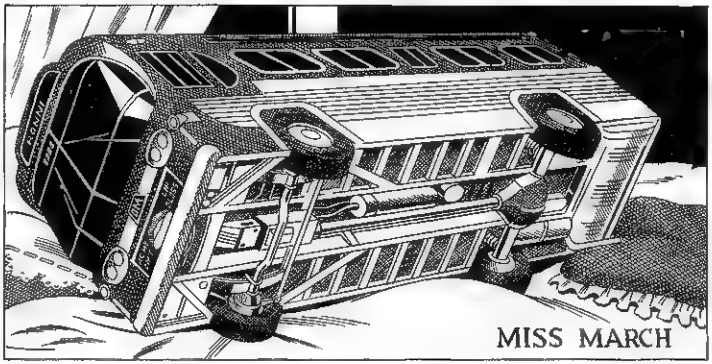
TURN ONS: Exact change, Green lights

TURN OFFS: Gridlock, Graffiti, Potholes



"I'M VERY SERIOUS ABOUT MY ACTING. I APPEARED IN *SPLASH*; OF COURSE IT WAS ONLY A DRIVE-ON PART, BUT IT WAS A VALUABLE LEARNING EXPERIENCE TO WORK WITH DIRECTOR RON HOWARD."





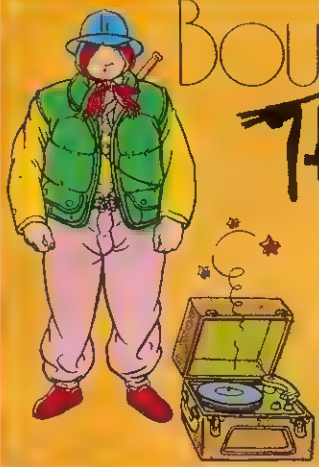
COMING:

The premiere of Richard Corben's "Bodyssey"
Interview with *Eating Raoul*'s Paul Bartel
Liberatore does it: on the cover!

Bourbon THRET

EPISODE #310

the PAROCHIAL TERROR!



A TEFLON POLYUNSATURATED NUCLEAR BOMB LEFT OVER FROM THE COLA WARS IS ACCIDENTALLY DETONATED BY ESTROGEN MINERS WORKING BENEATH BOURBON THRET'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DAMAGING THE REPRODUCER HEAD AND BROWN ARTIFICIAL LEATHER COVERING OF HIS PORTABLE 3 SPEED SILVERTONE PHONOGRAPH!!!

UNABLE TO PLAY HIS COMPLETE SET OF "ROOSEVELT SYKES" BLUES RECORDINGS, WHICH HE RECEIVED FOR RESCUING A 1ST EDITION OF HAROLD ROBBINS' "LONELY LADY" FROM THE BOOKNAPPERS OF THE DEWEY-DECIMAL SYSTEM, HE IS FORCED TO TAKE TO THE ROADS IN SEARCH OF BOUNTY TO PURCHASE REPLACEMENT PARTS FOR HIS PRIZED PHONOGRAPH.

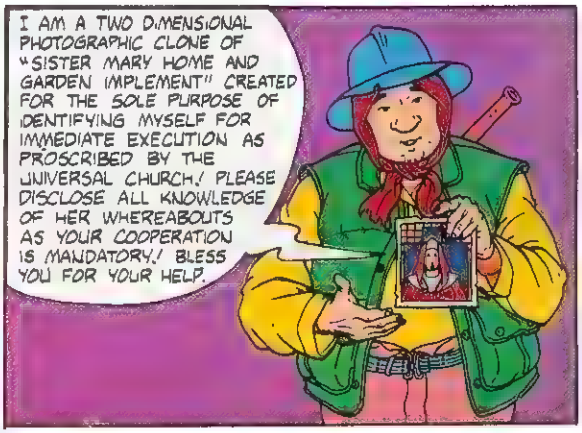
HE ACCEPTS A COMMISSION FROM THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH'S HOLY ORDER OF CONTENTED COWS OF THE 7TH LEVEL OF ICONOCLASTIC CHILD BEHAVIORAL STUDIES AND CAR REPAIR TO TERMINATE A ROGUE NUN SPREADING FORBIDDEN RECIPES FROM AN OUTLAWED CHINESE COOKBOOK THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

FOLLOWING AN EVERGROWING CHAIN OF CHINESE TEA LUNCH FRANCHISES, THRET TRACKS HIS PREY TO A SMALL CAFETERIA ON AN ASTEROID ORBITING AN INDUSTRIAL WASTE MANUFACTURING PLANET THAT SEEMS TO BE IN NEED OF A CHANGE OF MENU!

BOW-WOW.

MOOO.

MEOW.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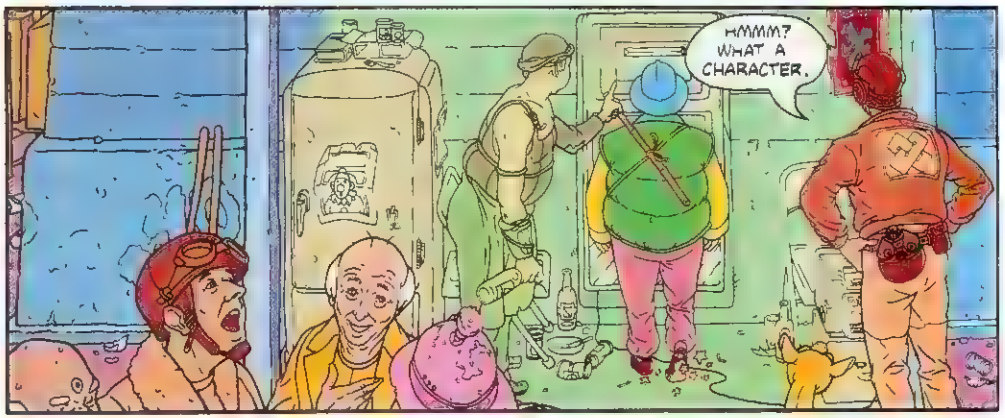
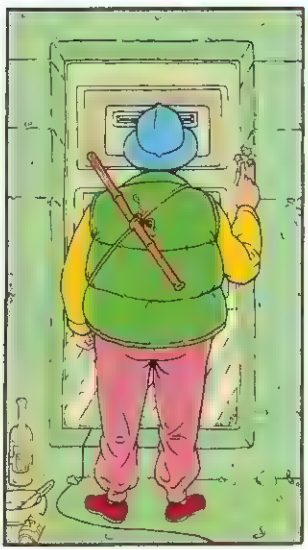
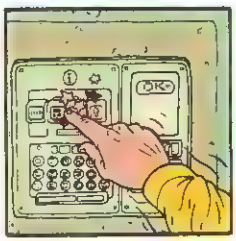
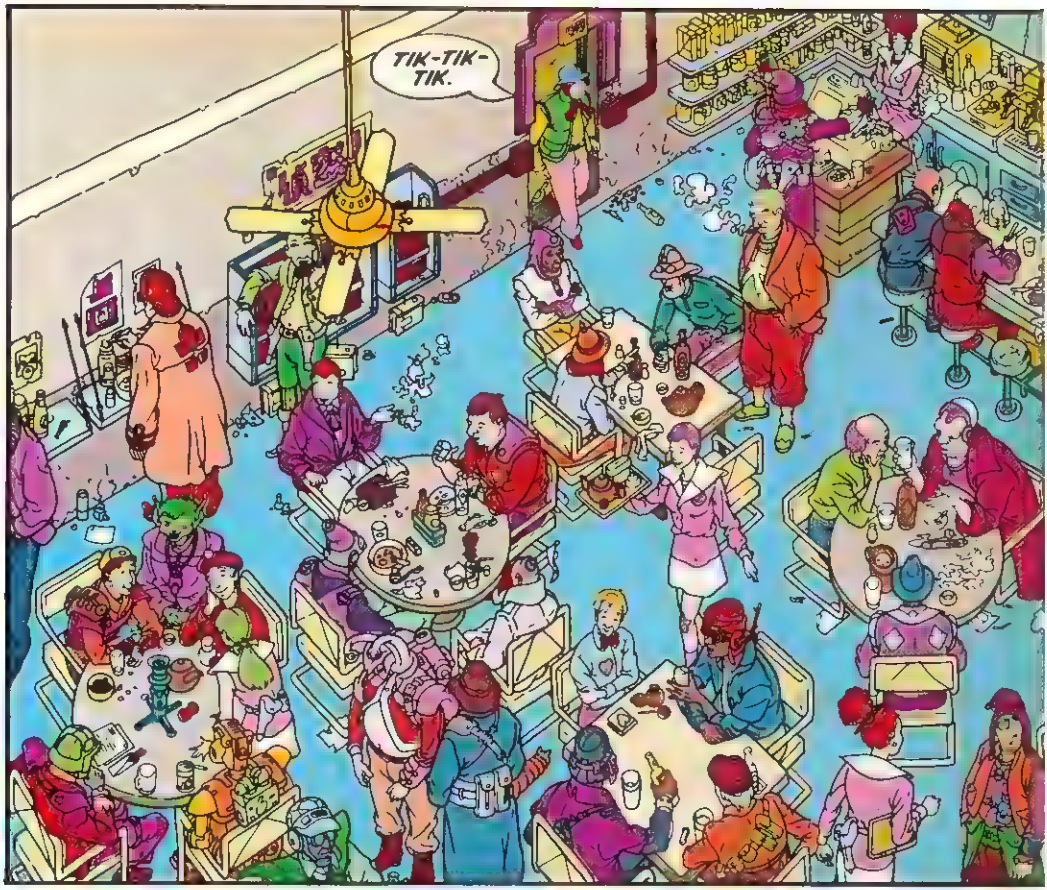
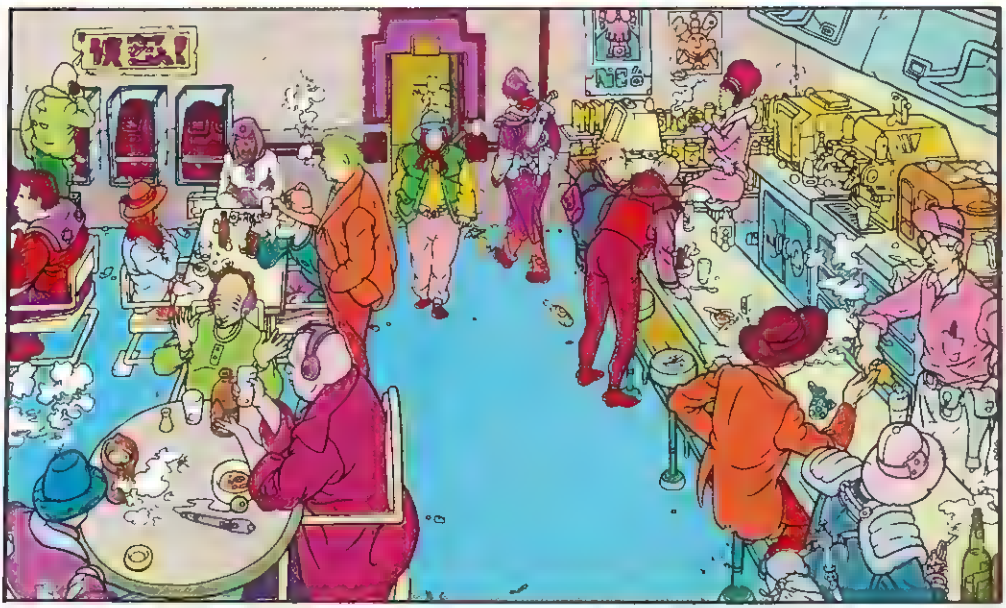
SHE'S IN THE BACK...IN THE LADIES ROOM. SHE SLIPS A RECIPE OUT TO THE COOK EVERY FEW HOURS.

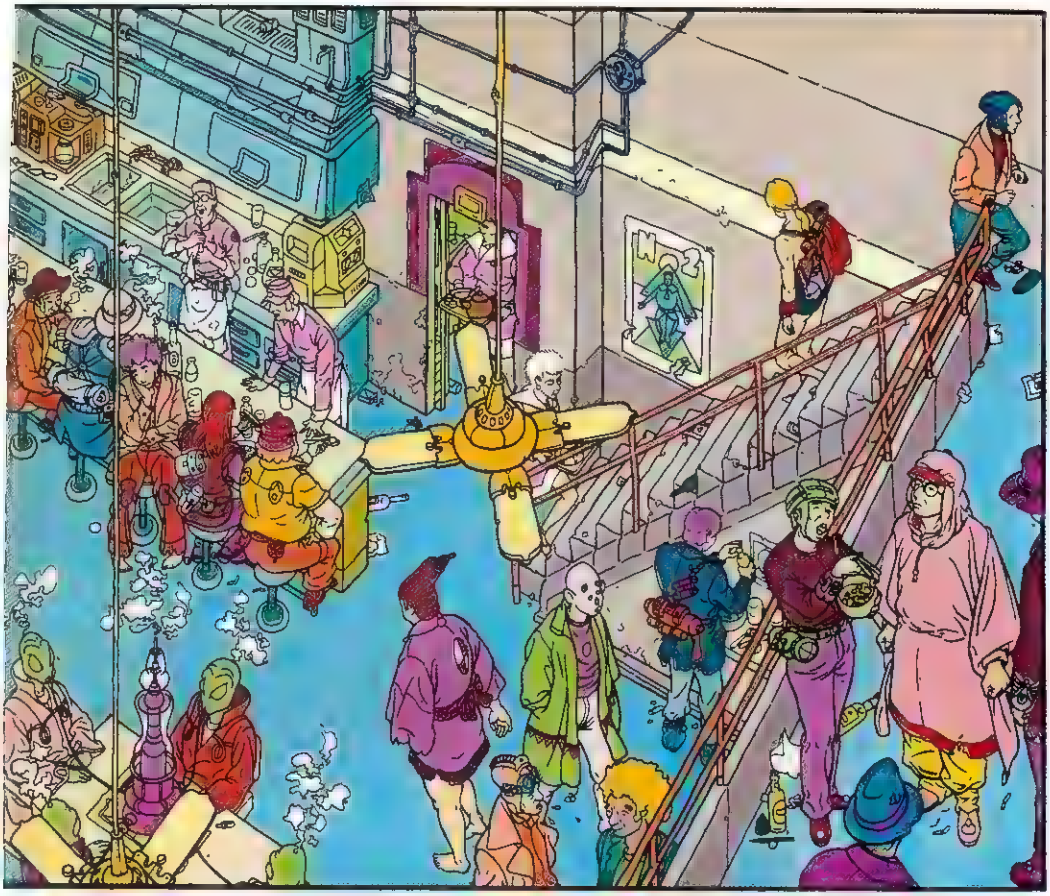

HMMM? WHAT A CHARACTER.

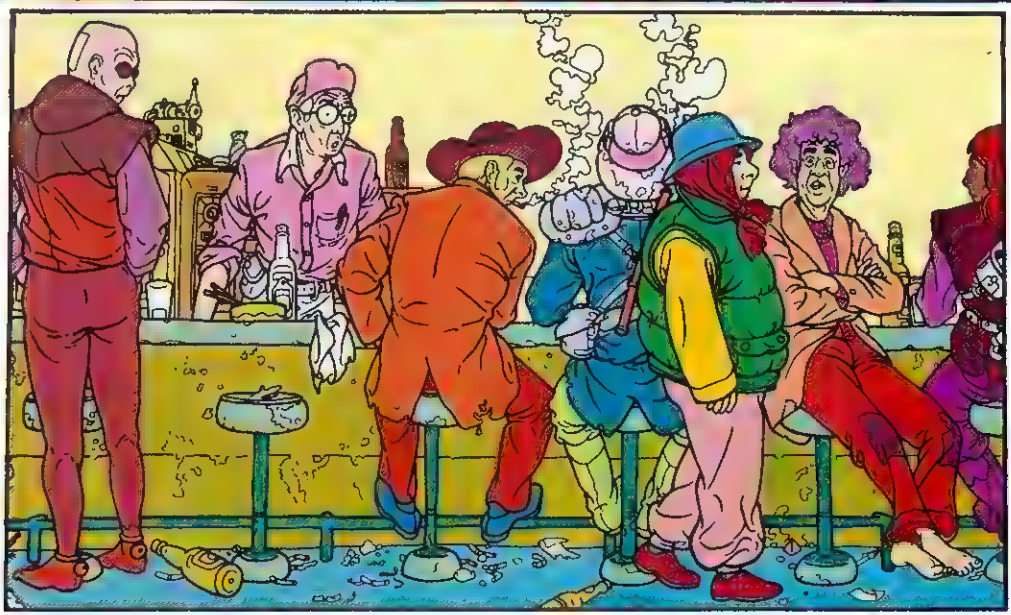


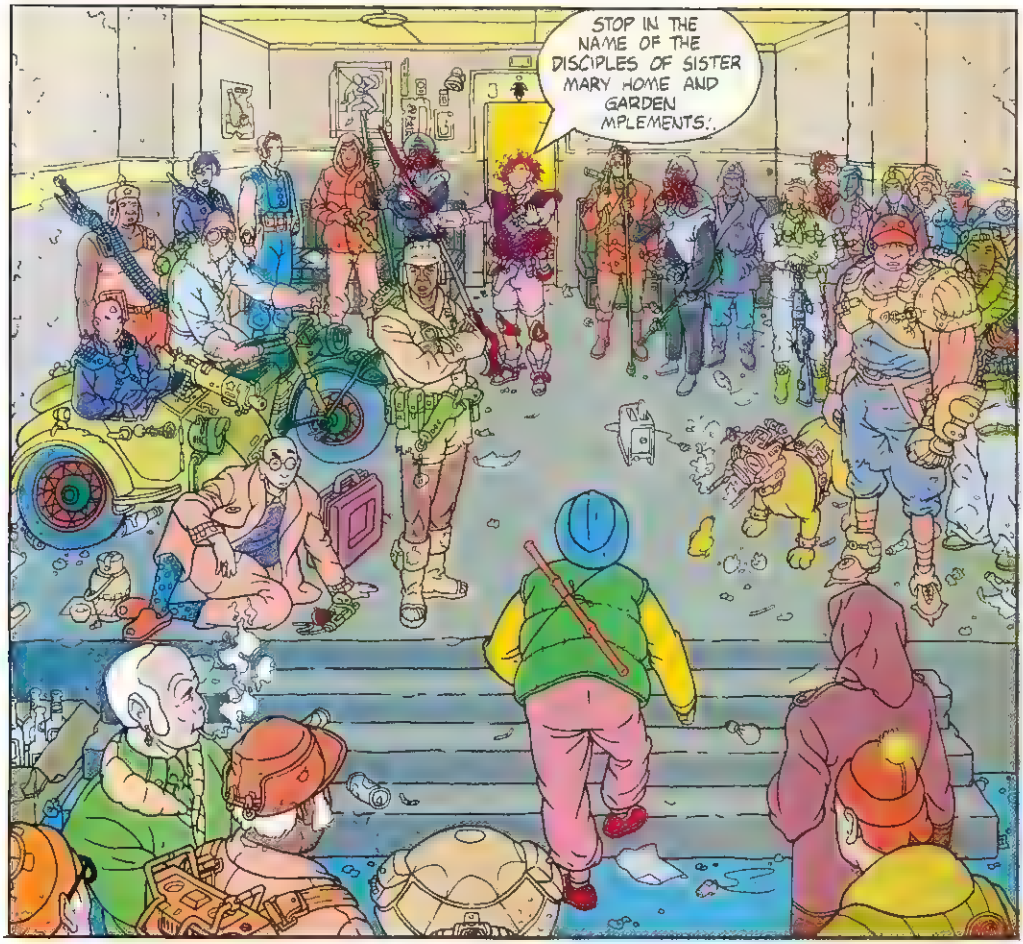


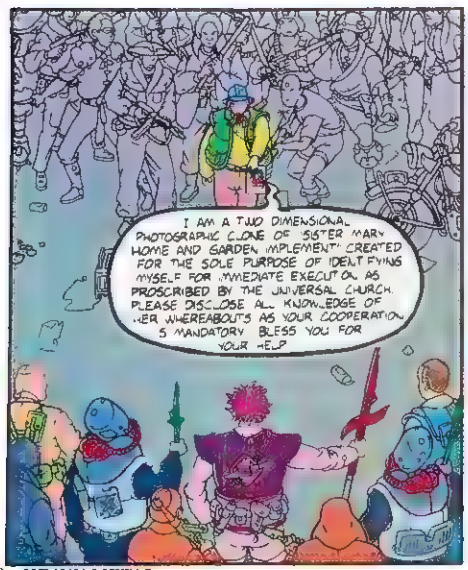

TIK-TIK-
TIK.


MEX!






STOP IN THE NAME OF THE DISCIPLES OF SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN MPLEMENTS!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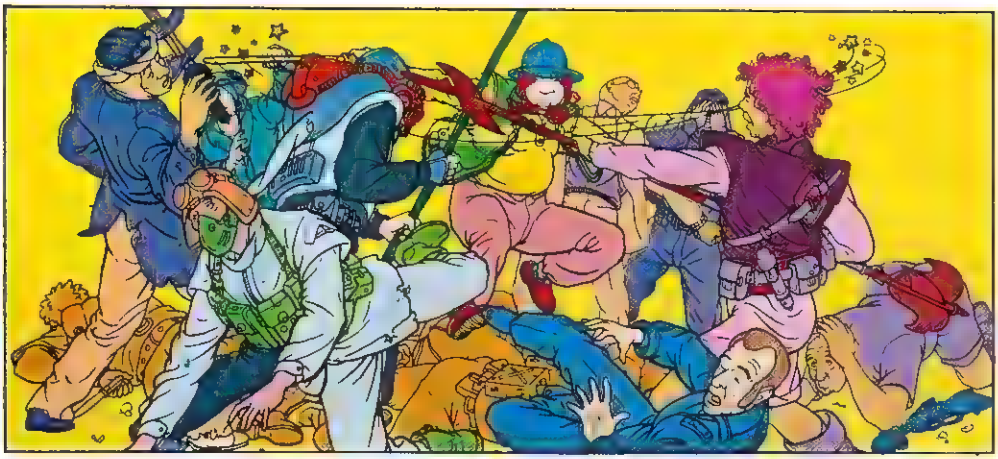
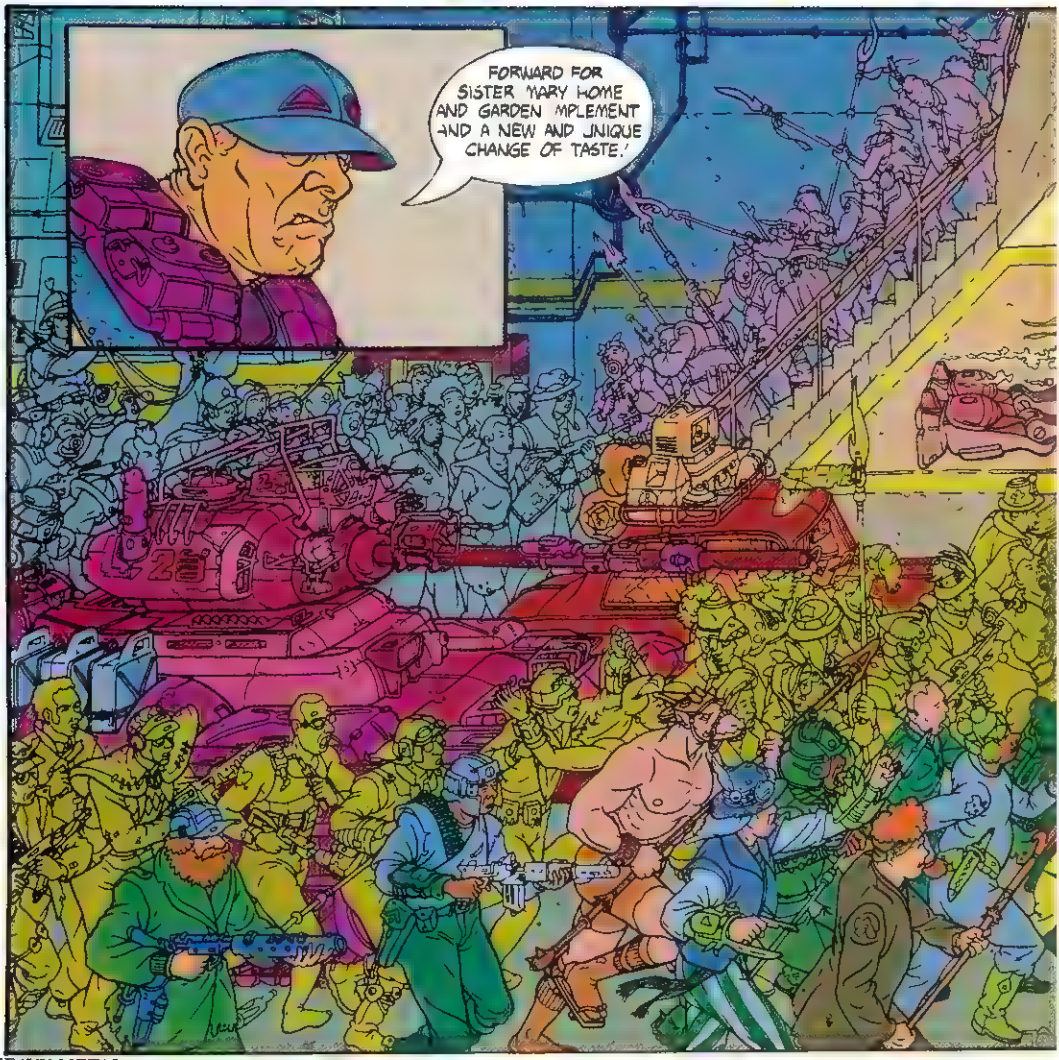
WHAT?!
BY MY WOK THIS CANNOT BE!

SISTER MARY HAS SHOWN US THE CHURCH'S TIRED PHILOSOPHICAL BENT TOWARD STANDARD EUROPEAN CUISINE MUST END! WE'RE TIRED OF QUICHE AND SOUFFLES. WE WANT ORIENTAL STYLED MEALS FREE OF THE STIGMA OF MORTAL S.N AND WILL FIGHT FOR THEM!

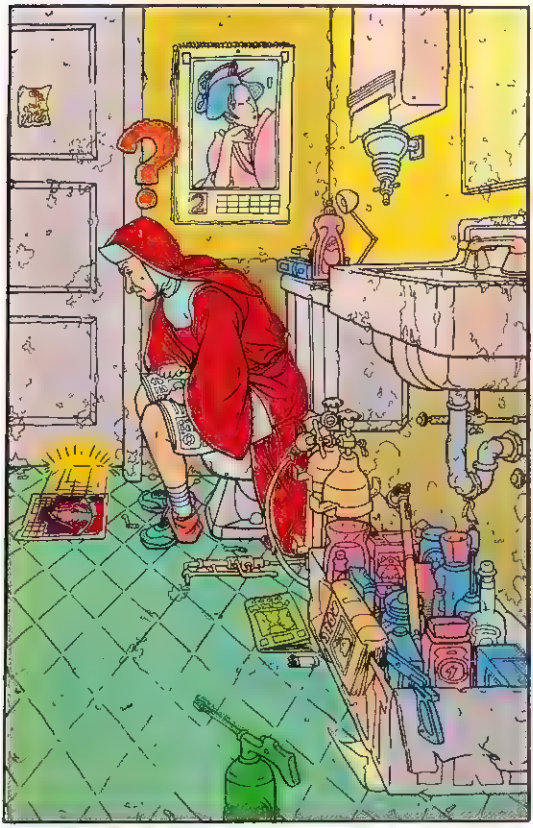



FORWARD FOR SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN MPLEMENT AND A NEW AND UNIQUE CHANGE OF TASTE.'

KAT-A-THA-BOOOM!

INSIDE THE LADIES ROOM SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT SEEMS OBLIVIOUS TO THE BATTLE RAGING OUTSIDE HER SANCTUARY.

AND THEN THE ABRUPT SILENCE DRAWS SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT'S ATTENTION.



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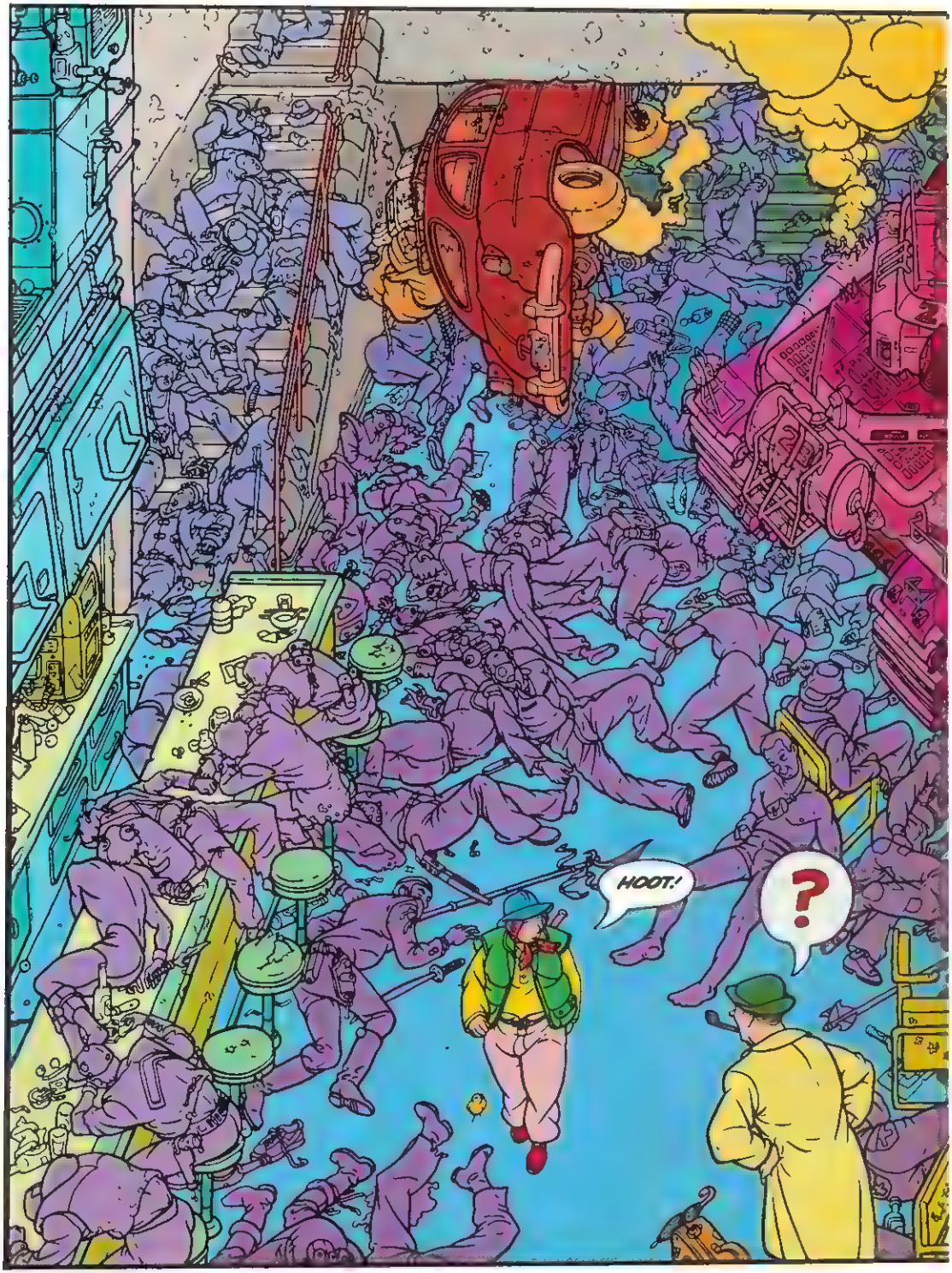
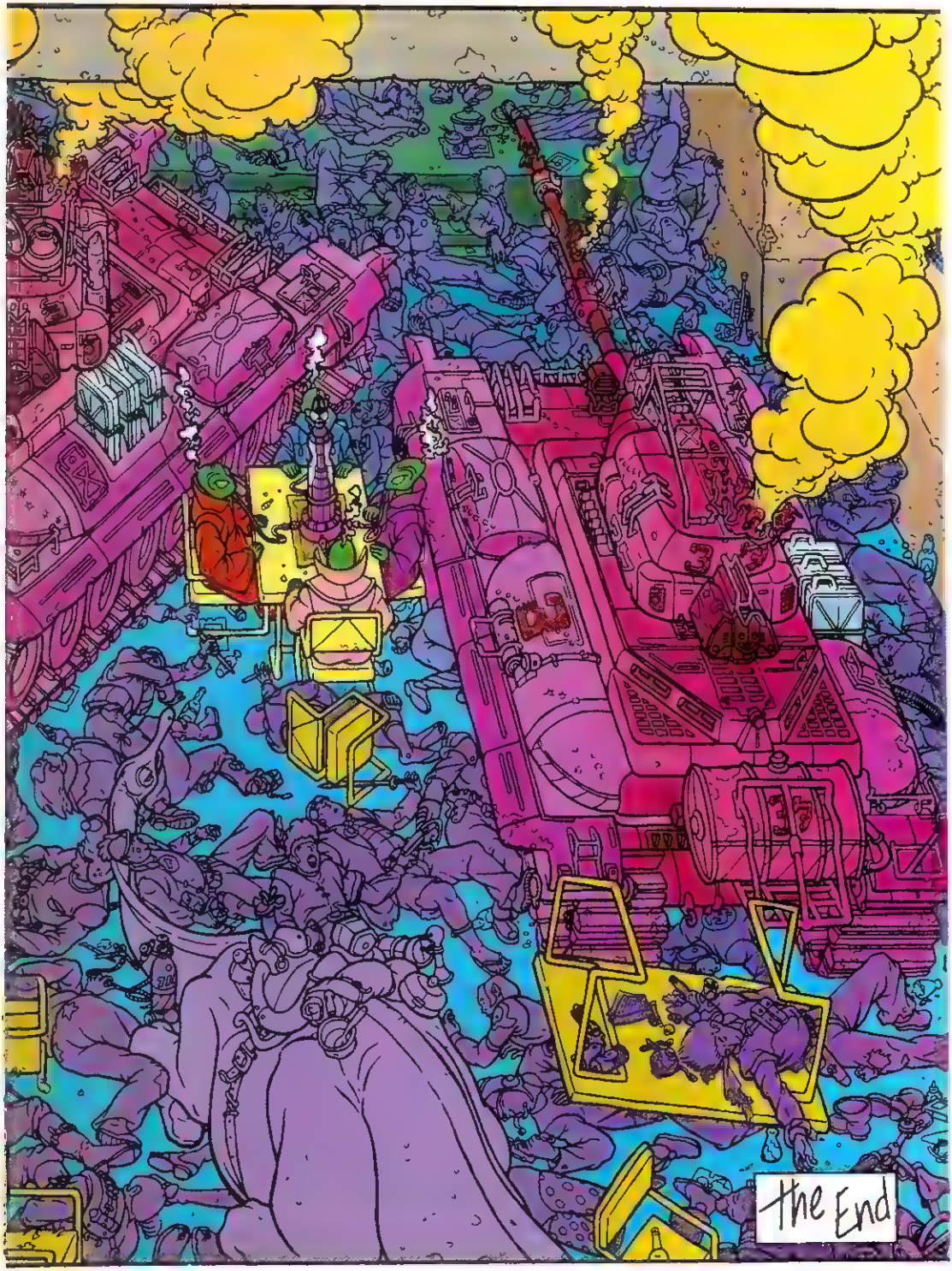
WHAT?!
NO...PLEASE! I'LL FONDUE ALL MY RECIPES FROM NOW ON...PLEASE I'LL...
ARF-ARF.
AAARGGGHHHH...


HOOT!
?


the End

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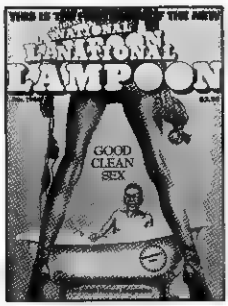

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HM 385

WE WANT YOUR MONEY

A B C D E Photo by Michael Benchiwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50**.
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B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **$7.50**
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C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00**.
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____ small ____ medium
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____ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95.**
____ small ____ large
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____ black ____ white ____ grey

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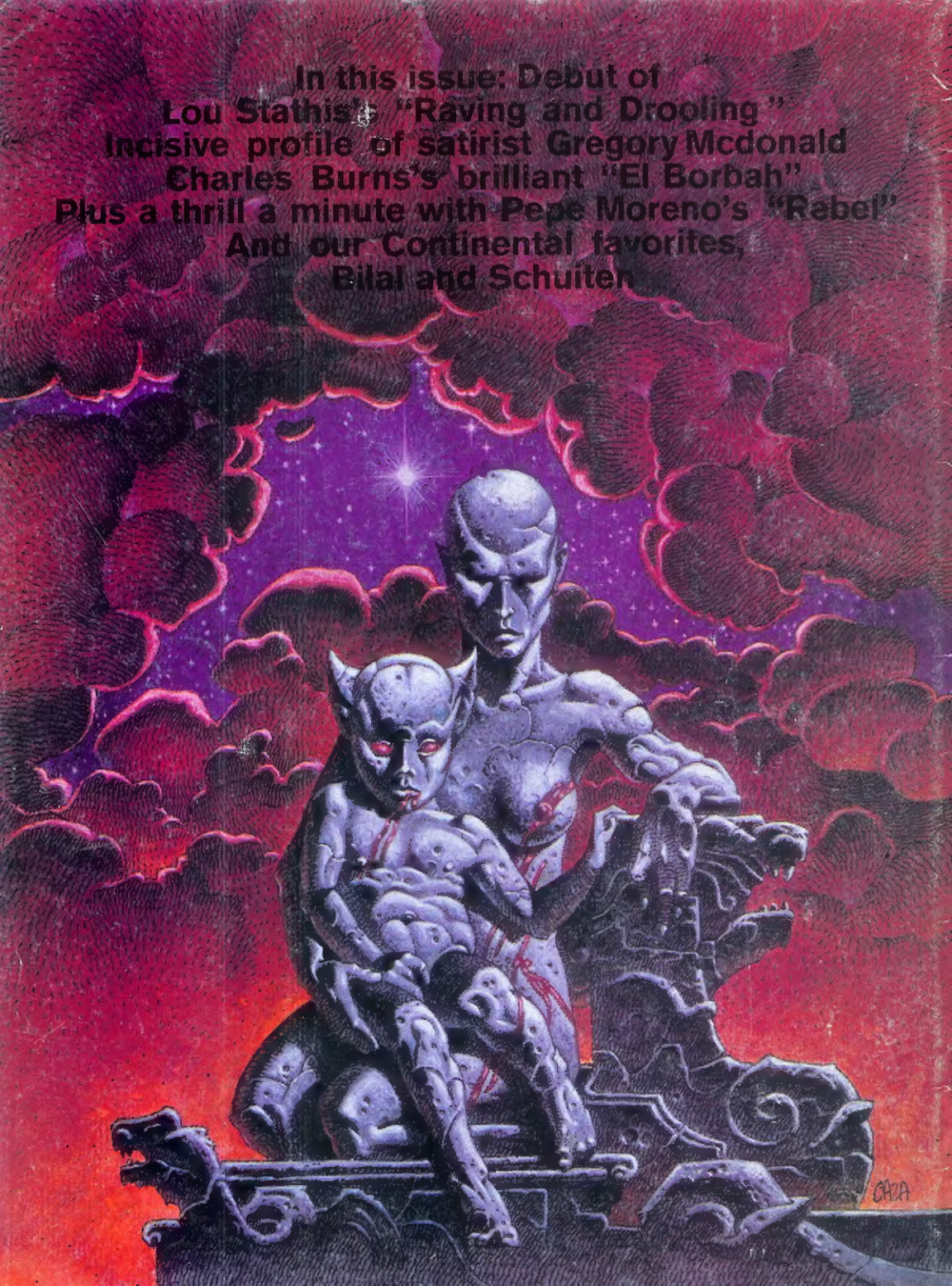

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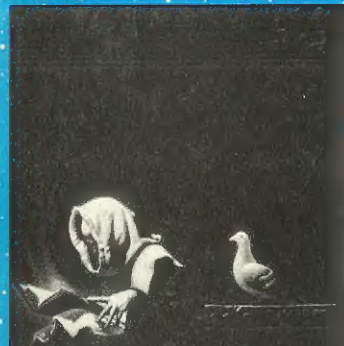

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